# THE LONDON
# ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY:

A Family Journal of News, Tales, History, Art, &c.

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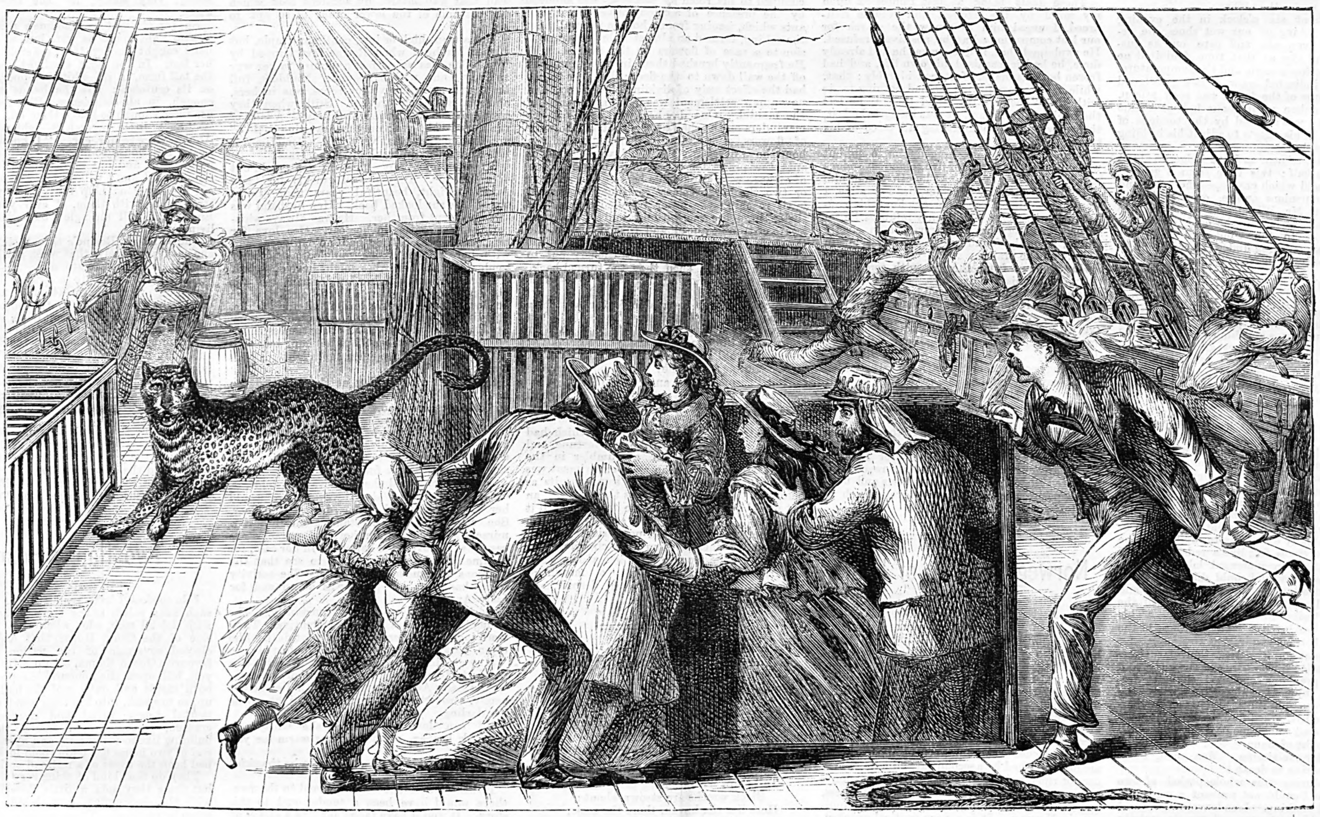
## Clearing the Deck.

The deck of the steamship Sultan, which recently arrived in the Thames from Calcutta, was the scene of a sensational drama during the voyage home. On board there was a complete cargo of wild animals, including a rhinoceros, several tigers and leopards, and thus the vessel might be regarded as a sort of floating menagerie. How the animals demeaned themselves in stormy weather, we have not been informed by any of their *compagnons de voyage*, but the howling and bellowing must have been bad enough at times, we should imagine, to scare sleep from the berths of the hapless passengers. One day a fearful sensation was caused by the escape of a leopard from his cage on to the deck, which he, for some time, had all to himself, the women and children and other passengers being secured below under closed hatches, and the crew taking to the rigging. After roaming about the deck for a time, and feeling somewhat disappointed that he could not find anything to eat, the animal stalked into the engine-room, but was driven from thence by the fire-hose being turned upon him, when he returned to the deck. As there was a decided inconvenience in leaving the leopard in possession of that part of the vessel, it was resolved to deprive him of the freedom, which he had misused, by means of a bullet. Some delay, however, occurred in carrying this resolve into execution, for there was no bullet to be found, and one had to be improvised for the purpose. But the animal was shot at last, and the crew were enabled to descend to their duties. Our artist has depicted the terrors of the scene on shipboard just when the leopard has made his first appearance on deck and the stampede of passengers and crew takes place.



CLEARING THE DECK,

## Homeless.

In the illustration in this number which represents a dismantled interior, we see a sorrowful woman leaning on the basket which seems to contain all the property she has been able to save, and looking wistfully at the wreck which has deprived her of house and hold. She is alone, and perhaps sad memories of the loved and lost mingle with her regrets at parting with her old home, no longer habitable. Unattractive as the bare and blackened walls of humble dwellings may appear to the eye of the stranger, they are yet connected with associations that make them sacred and dear to some hearts. From the combined thoughtfulness and sadness of her look, we may suppose the woman, in the illustration with the above title, to be recalling unforgotten scenes of domestic life when she has to face the uncertain future.

## The Cut Finger.

Sir David Wilkie is not the only artist who has exercised his genius in depicting the somewhat familiar domestic episode of the cut finger. It must be admitted, we think, that even with Wilkie's characteristic picture in remembrance, our artist has drawn a similar incident with much effectiveness and completeness of detail. The little girl, in cutting or scraping a carrot, has brought her finger to grief, and her kindly-faced old grandmother is acting the part of the good Samaritan by binding up the wound, which won't take long to heal, albeit the sight of a trickle of blood has brought tears to poor wee Nelly's eyes. Pussy, though resting comfortably on the antique high-backed chair, evidently sympathises with her household companion in her sudden affliction.

## Battle-Scene.

War-scenes from the artist's pencil possess absorbing interest, whether they show us the gallant charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, or the Highlanders bravely pushing their way through the tangled African forest to Coomassie, or the roll-call at the close of the battle-day when the loss of comrades clouds even the brows of the victors with gloom. The illustration on our last page represents the hottest part of the field and the hottest time of the action. The spiked helmets indicate the nationality of the troops who have heavy work in hand, and who, with burning houses behind them, are grimly facing the French foe. The open nostrils, wild eyes, and upward bound of the wounded war-horse impart striking effect to the dreadful scene of carnage.

## Extraordinary French Trial.

A highly dramatic trial was recently before the Assize Court of Chalons-sur-Saône. The accused party, M. Lacroix, was indicted for manslaughter. He is the son of a retired judge, the owner of Senozau, the ancestral seat of the Noailles, where he leads the life of a country gentleman, fond of his gun and fishing-rod. The family at Senozau habitually consists of M. Lacroix, senior, Madame Lacroix, and this son, who happens to be a retired lawyer. It was increased last year by the arrival from Toulouse of their granddaughter, Mdlle. Marie Despeyrous, a girl of 20. Her father is the director of the Toulouse Observatory. Her mother died when she was in the nursery. It would appear that while M. Despeyrous was engaged in his astronomical studies the young lady secretly became acquainted with an attorney's clerk named Bonnebaight, he having seen her in church and fallen in love with her. He demanded her in marriage of her father, who refused. Mdlle. Marie, however, continued to keep up a correspondence with M. Bonnebaight, and to meet him in the garden of the Observatory. This went on for four years, at the end of which a friend denounced her to her relatives. She was at once sent to Burgundy, to her grandfather's, where, before many weeks, her lover presented himself, and told her that she must elope with him as she had promised. Mdlle. Despeyrous, who had changed her mind, pleaded her minority, which rendered it impossible for her to marry Bonnebaight against the will of her father. He would not admit this plea, and as the altercation was going on, M. Lacroix, junr., who had just returned from shooting, surprised the lovers. He called upon Bonnebaight to give up certain letters to which he heard him refer. An insolent refusal was returned, on which M. Lacroix, carried away by his anger, presented his fowling-piece at the attorney's clerk, and discharged both barrels. A slug carried away part of the jaw; and another, entering the breast pocket, was stopped by a memorandum book. M. Lacroix surrendered himself to justice. A painful investigation followed his arrest—so painful that the greater part of the trial has gone on with closed doors. The mutilated lover is literally chinless. His jawbone figured on the table before the bench as a *pièce de conviction*. He told his story by means of a slate and pencil. His assailant, M. Lacroix, was acquitted by the jury, but the Court condemned him to pay the mutilated prosecutor 20,000 francs fine, and an annuity of 2400 francs.

## Daring Diamond Robbery.

The *New York Herald*, just to hand per White Star steamer Celtic, contains a remarkable story of a most daring and deeply planned robbery.

Charles Anderson, a retired Swedish sea captain, settled down in New York, and became engaged in business. For over 15 years he had been captain of Swedish merchantmen, and in that capacity had visited nearly every corner of the globe. The purchase of rough, uncut diamonds became with him a sort of enterprise, and as he passed the diamond regions very frequently, he made many investments. By the time he arrived in New York he had in his possession some 565 diamonds, rough and uncut, and worth, on a rough calculation, about 15,000 dollars. Captain Anderson for a time looked for a purchaser for his treasure, but he could not find one. Matters progressed, and he was married to a New York lady, and then determined to dispose of a portion of his diamonds in order to accumulate ready money to go on a bridal tour through Europe. The rest of the diamonds he would reserve until he arrived in Amsterdam, where he determined to have them polished and cut for personal use. A week after his marriage he left his wife and started across to Broadway. He had observed that a diamond broker had an office on that thoroughfare, and at once proceeded there. His diamonds were safely parcelled in his pocket. He entered the building, and while going upstairs a young man, very well dressed, accosted him on the stairway, and asked him if he was going to the diamond broker's office, and wanted to know of Mr. Anderson if he intended to purchase some diamonds, as he was clerk in the broker's office. Mr. Anderson replied that his object in coming there was to sell some diamonds, when the young man told him that the broker was out, but would be in his office between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Anderson agreed to call at that time. At four o'clock he again started out and met the same young man whom he had met on the stairway of the broker's office in the morning. This time, however, the young man was accompanied by a lady, elegantly attired in a black silk dress, with massive jewellery. The young man enquired of Anderson if he was going to the broker's office, and, being answered in the affirmative, he said that he only lived a couple of blocks away, and that he would take his wife home and go with him to the office. Mr. Anderson started with them, and they had only gone a few steps when the woman took a small pasteboard box from her pocket, and taking from it a pastil about the size of a two cent piece, put it in her mouth and offered one to the young man, who did likewise. Would Mr. Anderson take one? Certainly, he had no objection, still suspecting nothing, as both of the others had, he supposed, eaten theirs. A few seconds had hardly elapsed when Mr. Anderson began to grow dizzy and a film gathered before his eyes. The woman then took a lace handkerchief from her pocket and said to Mr. Anderson, "You have a little black or cigar ash on your nose; let me wipe it off," when she drew her handkerchief gently across his face. Mr. Anderson says that he remembered nothing until he came to his senses in a room black with darkness. He hammered away with his fists on the wall long and earnestly. At last the door opened and two men entered. One of them asked him if he would have a cup of coffee. He answered in the affirmative. The coffee was brought, which he drank. They then left him, when he fell asleep. The next he remembers was being shaken by the two men, who tied his hands and tied a handkerchief over his eyes. He then observed a strong smell of chloroform as the men threw some over the bandage on his eyes, over his shirt bosom, and emptied a big phial of it over his coat. His next recollection was finding himself at one o'clock on Wednesday morning, leaning against the fence around the new *Tribune* building in Spruce-street, minus all his diamonds, watch, and jewellery. He had been captive from Monday to Wednesday. The matter has been placed in the hands of the police, who are, it is said, satisfied of the truthfulness of Anderson's story. So far, however, their efforts to discover the thieves have been unsuccessful.

## Frightful Crime at Mulhausen.

The *Cologne Gazette* contains an account of a most frightful case of double murder committed at Mulhausen, in Alsace. A fellow called Joseph Most, between 20 and 30 years of age, had lived for about a year, but not on the best terms, with his mother (a widow), two sisters of 20 and 11 years old respectively, and a brother of 17, and had repeatedly, and especially in the last weeks, denounced the eldest sister before the police as the poisoner of his father, whilst there was not, to all appearances, the slightest grounds for suspecting her. Six weeks ago he left his mother's house and took one for himself. Friday evening last, towards eleven o'clock, he suddenly appeared, armed with a newly-purchased dagger-knife, at the residence of his mother, got gently over the yard gate, put the dogs into their house, and then passed through the kitchen, first of all into the sleeping-room of his brother, whom he killed almost in a moment by a deep plunge of the dagger into his throat. The murderer then tried to get into his mother's room, which was provided with a glass door, and in which were also the sisters, all of whom had been awoke by the noise. These, with the exception of the younger sister, who fled through the window into the street screaming for help, held the glass-door with all their might. The murderer struck in the panes of glass, and thrusting through the opening inflicted several blows upon his mother, till she succeeded in making her escape through the window. The elder sister, who had already received several wounds, could not hold the door any longer, and was at once fatally wounded by the inhuman brother. He then struck a light, and asked the sister, "Are you dead?" *(Bish du todl?)*. As she opened her eyes he struck in cold blood once more the dagger into her breast, saying, "There, I will give you one more that you may have enough?" Hereupon he betook himself to his own house, changed his clothes, and then went out; but was apprehended the same night. On the following day he had, on being heard by the police commissioner, already confessed all that is related above.

# Freezing to Death.

In the month of February, 1869, I was called by urgent business from my residence near the foot of Lake Winnipeg, British North America, to Fort Abercrombie, in Dakota Territory, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles.

This call involved no ordinary journey. It meant a weary, exhaustive travel of ten or twelve days across an unbroken prairie, without shelter of any kind, without the probability of encountering a single human being throughout the entire route, and the almost certainty of being overtaken by some of the terrible storms prevalent at that season. But the call was imperative, and I set about preparing for the journey.

The preparations were of a primitive sort, there being but two methods of travel admissible at that season—the one by dog-sledges, the other with horses attached to light carioles. The outfit embraced a combination of the two by the selection of a commodious dog-sledge, with trams in which to place a horse for myself, and a light cariole for my companion, for attendant I must have over that desolate route. Choosing a stalwart half-breed, accustomed to the rough life of the prairies, and inured to all manner of hardship from infancy, we started one bitterly cold day towards the end of the month.

Our rate of travel was about 25 miles a day. The route pursued was that commonly taken by the *voyageurs* in their trips to St. Paul, and in many of our proposed camping places the fuel had been exhausted to supply the numberless trains which had come and gone in the years before. This necessitated, at times, continued travel for an entire day without stopping.

At night we descended the banks of the river, pitching our camp upon the second terrace, in some spot equally convenient to wood and water. Then, making an excavation in the snow, logs would be heaped up, until our fire was sufficiently large to afford a genial warmth throughout the night. Our sledges turned across the head, and blankets spread upon the snow, formed a bed into which, with caps and overcoats on, we were at all times ready to creep.

Thus we journeyed on, until the closing of the seventh day brought us to the crossing of Elm River, a small stream in Dakota Territory.

During the day we had fallen in with a Mr. Wheeler, a gentleman from Montana, with whom I had been previously acquainted; a man of huge and burly *physique*, capable of immense endurance. He was journeying in our direction, having come up on the mailsled the day before, and gladly availed himself of an invitation to encamp with us for the night.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when, after taking off our wet shoes, we retired, with overcoats and caps on, as customary. The sky at that time exhibited no extraordinary appearance, and the temperature, if anything, indicated snow. Being fatigued with the labours of the day, I was soon asleep, and did not awaken until about half-past nine o'clock, when I was aroused by the tossings of Mr. Wheeler in his efforts to adjust his bedding more comfortably.

I woke again, as near as I can judge, in about an hour and a half; this time from a general sensation of cold which enveloped me. I found both my companions awake, on speaking to them, and that Mr. Wheeler had been unable to sleep at all, owing to the cold, as he lay with his head to the wind, and could not prevent it from entering under the covering.

It was blowing a perfect gale, and the air was so filled with whirling particles of snow that we could not distinguish our animals at the distance of a few yards. From that time forward it was impossible to sleep.

Real physical suffering it had now become. The skin on my arms and limbs felt quite cold to the touch, and my bones grew heavy and chill as bars of iron. Yet, I had no fear, or thought even, of freezing to death. On that point I simply expected to shiver until morning would give us light sufficient to build a fire. The mind, however, was unnaturally acute. Thought on every subject was very vivid and distinct.

All through this outer surface of thought, however, there ran an undertone of suffering. I was conscious of growing colder; my limbs, especially, felt more chill and heavy. I began also to experience a peculiar sensation, as if the flesh, for the depth of a quarter or half an inch, was frozen solid, and the congealment gradually extending to the bone. The bone itself at times felt like a red-hot bar. I noticed, further, an increased labour in the beating of the heart, and could distinguish the pulsations quite easily. At every throb I could feel the blood seemingly strike the end of the veins and arteries in the extremities. This after a time produced a slight dizziness in the head and a laborious respiration.

As time went on, the sensation of surface-freezing extended to the trunk of the body, and my thoughts grew less connected, changing frequently from subject to subject, and narrowing down to my own sufferings. I noticed, furthermore, that the half-breed spoke more frequently than before, and shook me occasionally. Still I had no thought of danger, and even laughed at Mr. Wheeler exclaiming, "Men, men, I believe I am freezing to death!"

However, during this whole period of two hours or more I could not prevent a continual shivering and shaking. I endeavoured several times to control my nerves and remain quietly in one position, but without avail. At the end of that time I noticed I was becoming quieter; but, while physically so, my mind was suffering more. My whole idea was to get warm. My body was cold all over—frozen in. I felt, to an equal depth in every place. I clung closer to my companion in the vain hope of producing more warmth. Oh, if I could only get warm again!

This was the burden of my thought. Yet I was fully conscious of the danger. I knew, if death overtook me, in exactly what shape it would come. And I knew, furthermore, that I had already passed through the first stage, and was nearly through the second. Still, with this well-defined knowledge of what was before me, I was totally indifferent to the pangs of death. I only wanted to be warm; I felt that in some way I must get warm. I thought over the prospect of a speedy death indifferently. There was no trouble about the future at all—I did not think of it. The physical suffering and stupor were too great to admit of it.

Twice before in my life I had been in momentary expectation of death; and one experience of the horrors of dissolution was the same as this. That was a case of *dengue* fever. While perfectly conscious in the last moments—told they were my last, and asked if I was prepared to undergo them—I felt the same sensation as here: if I were only comfortable I would willingly go.

Continuing in the consciousness of danger, and yet thinking only of my suffering and desire to become warm, after the lapse of an hour, probably, I began to get warm—that is, the sensation was one of warmth and comfort, but was, in reality, a species of numbness. I felt my flesh in several places, and it produced a prickly, numb feeling, similar to that experienced when a limb is asleep. I was comfortable and happy, because I was warm, and grew indignant with my companion for his unwearied thumps on my body, and the continual answers he required to his questions; I wanted to be let alone. Fully conscious that, if I went to sleep I would never awaken again, I was perfectly willing to go asleep. Even then I remember thinking of poor travellers, lost in the snow, being brought in by St. Bernard dogs.

But I was warm, and laughed silently at Mr. Wheeler's complaints of freezing. I paid no further attention to the shakings of my companion or his questions but gathered myself up, and lay thinking how comfortable I was. Pretty soon I began to dose, then to awaken suddenly, when I received a more severe blow than usual. Then I awoke to see the half-breed sitting up and bending eagerly over my face, and hear a few muttered words, to Wheeler—and then a sense of comfort and oblivion.

Now I was dead. Sensibility had left me. It was evident I would suffer no more. In thirty or forty minutes, an hour at farthest, my body would die. Then what?

That I should awaken with a bright fire before me, and be wrapped in robes and blankets, seemed the most natural thing in the world to me. For the matter of that, it appeared to me that when I had fallen asleep I had anticipated just such a consummation of things, and it was fully half an hour before I began in the least to comprehend that anything out of the ordinary channel had occurred. True, I knew in a vague and indistinct way that the half-breed was talking of Mr. Wheeler being lost, but the matter seemed to be no affair of mine, and created no surprise. I looked at him chafing my arms and legs, and simply felt that it was quite right and natural that it should be so.

Gradually, however, I regained consciousness sufficiently to understand that, finding me fast freezing, and impossible to arouse, he had gone, at the imminent risk of his own life, some three hundred yards farther down the stream, and, finding a dry and partially rotten log, had built a fire; had then returned to find me totally unconscious, and to carry me, robes and all, to the fire.

The few words he had addressed to Mr. Wheeler before leaving me showed that he, too, was fast lapsing into the same state, and, when I was carried in safety to the fire, had returned to find Mr. Wheeler gone—having, evidently, awakened from his stupor sufficiently to realise that he was alone, and to wander off, half frenzied, in search of us.

These facts being at last impressed upon my mind by the excited and voluble half-breed, I urged him to renew the search for our lost companion; but he positively refused. He explained that, in doing what he had already done, he had jeopardised his own life, and had frozen both hands and feet considerably; that, while paid to care for me, he had nothing to do with Mr. Wheeler. He urged that, if he left the bank of the stream, he was likely to be lost, the snow at once obliterating all trace of his tracks.

I ordered him to go, begged him to go, but without avail. An offer of five golden sovereigns met with a like refusal. At length I told him if he would find Mr. Wheeler, dead or alive, I would give him a good horse. For this consideration he went. In twenty minutes he returned, leading the unfortunate man, badly frozen, whom he found running wildly about in a circle on the prairie.

He was kept from the fire with some difficulty, until his hands, feet, and face were thawed out with water, but did not recover his mind until six hours after. From frequent personal observation, I am led to believe that every one who freezes to death upon the prairies, or elsewhere, becomes invariably insane before death.

Having been thoroughly warmed and recruited by a steaming hot breakfast, we followed the river to avoid loosing our way, and in the afternoon reached a Hudson Bay Company's post at Georgetown. Here we were informed that the temperature had fallen, during the previous night, to forty-nine degrees below zero! We remained in that hospitable shelter for two days, during which the terrific storm raged with unabated fury. Some dozen Indians and half-breeds perished upon the route over which we had just passed.—*H. Robinson.*

# Norwegians Love of Home.

The most prominent trait, however, in the character of the Norwegian peasant is his love of home. It is not a sentimentality. He is not home-sick. He emigrates, and none makes a better citizen in an adopted country than he. It is a sort of piety. It is a blending of poesy and veneration. It combines the poesy of his homestead with his veneration for the home rule. Norway is often spoken of as a meagre country, and not altogether without reason. It has only second-rate soil, which cannot grow wheat, and the few patches of more powerful soil it possesses are impoverished by a second-rate climate, which cannot ripen a pear. But richness is not synonymous with beauty, nor riches with happiness, and there is much beauty and much happiness in Norway. It is a very poetical country. Norway is one vast bed of rock, one hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles of granite, which many years ago lifted itself some thousands of feet above the water. The sunshine came, and the dew and the frost, and the rock burst, burst to the bottom, into fissures many miles long and several miles broad, in which the gray, stormy ocean rushed, sheltering itself into solemn calmness, and growing blue like the sky. Then came the rain, the snow, and the ice, and the glaciers ground the rock into mould, which, gliding down every crag and cleft in the fissures, landed at every knob and bulb on the slope, where the sunbeam could reach it and make a flower. A century passed, and there stood a tree; one more century, and there grew a forest. At last a snug little log hut alighted on the knob, and cultivated fields began to creep along the slope, while in the warm summer months large herds of cattle were driven up to graze on the vast plains, where the glaciers slowly retreated before the fresh grass and the sweet-smelling herbs.

The girls of the family follow the herds, and spend the summer on the plains, in a small hut and alone, making butter and cheese, while down in the valley the men and boys are busy making hay and growing rye, oats, and potatoes. They stay there two or three months, and the stay is solitary, though not desolate. On the one side the plains roll on for many miles, gliding little by little into the eternal snow and ice; on the other side is the valley, with the forests on its slopes and the fiord at the bottom. The homestead can be seen: the blue smoke at noon when dinner is cooking, and the bright glare of the panes when the sun is setting; and the merry noise of the harvesters can be heard. The boys shout up to the girls with a long, trilling sound, whose every quaver jumps echoing from stone to stone along the cleft, spreading as it rises in the air like water from a fountain, and at last scattering over the plains like a thousand songs. The girls answer through the lure, a wooden tube, with long, soft notes, which stream like singing sunshine down in the valley. And this duet goes on from farm to farm till the whole valley is one merry choir.

But however sweet this poesy of the land may be to his heart, the essential element of the Norwegian peasant's love of his home is, nevertheless, a moral agent: his respect for the home rule. In society there must be authority. There must be something which is undisputed because it is undoubted, something which is obeyed solely because it is loved. If in a society there were no other ruling power than the compelling force of the law, and no other justification of this power than the evidences of reason, this society would be on the very verge of chaos. But it is the painful question of modern society where to place the authority, or rather where to admit it. In Norway it rests with the parents. Although the son may be an old man himself, and may have acquired a position far above that of his parents, still he shows the same deference toward them, and takes their counsels with the same humility as he did in the years when he was a boy and wholly dependent upon them. "Father has said it," is always a strong argument with the Norwegian. And the more righteous and pure-minded he is, the more strongly he feels that he owes his success in life for the greater part to his father he truly does so. In Norway it is the first maxim of parental life that the father, even if he cannot give his son anything else, can at all events give him a good example. By thinking of his son, the father shrinks not from crime only, but from any questionable act, for he knows that his son will not only inherit his name and fortune, but also grow up under the shadow of his example. In Norway education means something more than going to school, and home something more than bread and a new pair of trousers. To the Norwegian, home is not the place where he has invested his money, or the place where he takes his ease, but the place where he has acquired his character, and pledged his honour as a man.—*Scandinavian.*

# Habits of Red Ants.

Mr. James D. Hague, of San Francisco, while confined to his room by sickness, was annoyed by the presence of a colony of very small red ants which, issuing from a hole in the wall near the ceiling, formed an almost unbroken procession to a vase of flowers on the mantel shelf. He frequently brushed them in great numbers off the wall down to the floor; but this course had the effect only of dividing the colony, and now a new settlement was made at the base of the mantel. One day he killed some of the marauders on the shelf at the foot of the vase of flowers, and disabled others. In half an hour the wall above the shelf was cleared of ants, the procession retreating from the scene of carnage with all possible haste. For an hour or two the lower colony continued to ascend, until reaching the lower bevelled edge of the shelf; here the more timid individuals were aware of trouble ahead and turned back, while the more daring ones advanced hesitatingly just to the upper edge, peeping cautiously out to survey the field. Then they too turned back, and in a short time no more ants were to be seen.

"A curious and invariable feature of their behaviour," writes Mr. Hague, "was that when an ant, returning in fright, met another approacing, the two would always communicate, but each would pursue its own way, the second ant continuing its journey to the spot where the first had turned about, and then following that example." No ants were visible for several days after the disaster, but at length a few from the lower colony made their appearance. They carefully avoided the vase, which had been to their race so fruitful of misfortune, and attacked some violets in a tumbler in the middle of the shelf. The same experiment was repeated here, and with the same results as before. "Occasionally," says the writer, "an ant would advance toward the tumbler until it found itself among the dead and dying; then it seemed to lose all self-possession, running hither and thither, making wide circuits about the scene of the trouble, stopping at times and elevating the antennæ with a movement suggestive of wringing them in despair, and finally taking flight."

# At the Seaside.

*(From the "German.")*

The merchant proudly eyes his bales
  Piled high beside the sea;
The boatman brings his poor torn net,
  And mends it gloomily.

Tall ships with dancing pennons flaunt;
  Black wrecks are strown about;
Here lies the haven, there the rock;
  The tides pour in and out.

Here song, there silence; here is storm,
  And there the sunshine lies;
Men come to land and men depart;
  The white sails fall and rise.

There sit two maidens—one whose tears
  Sprinkle the waves beside;
The other holds a wreath and sheds
  Its roses on the tide.

One sighs, with sorrow in her heart,
  And sadness on her brow:
"Oh Sea, oh Sea! so wild and dark!
  How like our lives art thou!"

The other speaks with cheerful voice,
  And with a smiling brow:
"Oh Sea, oh Sea! so smooth and bright!
  How like our lives art thou!"

The sea rolls on; its murmurs drown
  Both cheerful world and sigh.
The sea rolls on, and in its deeps
  The tears and roses lie.

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A LITTLE boy was playing with a couple of threepenny pieces the other evening, which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen." He kept on playing, till at last one of the pieces rolled away, and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

# Lady Anne's French Maid.

Nobody ever called Lady Anne Lauderdale a pretty woman. No one ever thought her saintlike. She was a large lady, with a fine figure, and a well-cut face; elegant and decisive in all her movements. And she said of herself that she was cruel, and once offended, never forgave. But she had the grand air, and many people admired her very much; and many, too, declared that she was as good a hater as she was a lover.

Her portrait hangs upon the wall of what was her boudoir to this day. The artist has managed to make a splendid, queen-like woman of her, certainly. She stands beside her white horse, dressed in a black velvet riding habit. Her hair, blacker than the velvet, clusters in close curls beneath a cap with scarlet plumes. One hand grasps a jewelled whip, the other rests upon the head of a great hound, who pleads mutely for her caresses. Fire is in her eye, health upon her cheek, grace and strength in her posture.

Doubtless, if she ever resembled this portrait, it was when, beautified by love, she listened to Mark Leslie's wooing, and despite his lowly birth, gave him heart and hand and fortune, offending her kindred thereby, and puzzling all who knew her. For Lady Anne had her offers from men of rank and fortune, and Mark Leslie was her game-keeper's son.

True, he was handsome, with a rare delicate blonde beauty, strangely in contrast with her own massive and dusky charms. His features were those of a fine man. No young beauty but might have been proud of his Grecian nose, low forehead, scarlet lips, and soft blue eyes.

He had nothing grand or large about him, body or soul, but he had certainly no little admiration for the lady who had stooped to love him. Her fine figure, her free step, her elegant appearance upon horseback, the hauteur which kept most people at a distance, made him very proud of her.

For a year or two they were a model couple, and if they could have changed places, so that she had been the husband and he the wife, there would have been nothing to wish for. Rosine, Lady Anne's French maid, used to declare that it was charming, and that if she ever had a husband, she only hoped that he would be as devoted as Monsieur.

Rosine was a young, rosy-cheeked brunette, fresh from Paris. She was always bright and piquant, and saucy as the lady's maid in a comedy. Her toilette was a sort of poem, it suited her so well, and expressed so completely the soul of its wearer. Not a ribbon or a pin had that hap-hazard, by accident look which the costume of the lower order is so apt to have.

Not a man, high or low, gentle or simple, but turned his head when Rosine first tripped by him. She was as perfect a picture in her way as Lady Anne, with her square shoulders, full bust, and sweeping velvet robes, was in hers, and oh, so much prettier. Still, when they were together a stranger would say, "A lady of rank, and—ah, yes; only her waiting maid;" and Rosine knew that very well. Sometimes it made her angry to think of the contrast.

Three or four years—they are not much, out of a lifetime. They passed quickly for Lady Anne. Bright, beautiful years they always seemed, as she looked back. Her husband was seldom absent from her. He was always whispering sweet praises in her ear. Her love for him grew apace. They had no children, and with her wifely passion mingled a motherly tenderness that her babes might have absorbed.

All the fierceness in her lay dormant. It was not dead, any more than a blood-hound is when he sleeps, but Love was lord of all for a while. Soft lights dwelt in her eyes, sweet smiles upon her lips, a luxurious wealth of gentleness in her heart, and life was beautiful to her; but suddenly something happened to blight all this happiness.

One bright autumn day, as she followed the hounds, Lady Anne was thrown from her horse, and taken up for dead. They brought her home senseless, and for days her husband hung over her, weeping like a girl. There was no hope for her life for a long while; but at last there was a change for the better. She would live, but she must be a cripple for life.

Never more would she ride over the fields, as she rode that fatal day. Never more would her firm, free tread be heard upon the floor. She could never even stand alone, unless a miracle were worked for her, and miracles are rare. Certainly none happened in her case, for as time passed on it was plain to see that the surgeons had made no mistake. The activity which had been her pride was at an end for Lady Anne.

Rosine waited upon her constantly. The young husband was lovingly attentive. They were together at her bedside a great deal. She often begged Monsieur to be comforted; to "repose himself a little." She was the gentlest of maids, the most faithful of servants.

And Lady Anne, struggling with her bodily agony, strove to be calm, that she might soothe her darling.

"I can love you still," she whispered. "Thank heaven, my heart is as warm for you as ever."

Poor soul! it was all she had to be thankful for.

If this sad accident had happened to the man, there would have been a tender end to this story. It would have faded off like a strain of sad love music, leaving her beside his bed with his hand in hers, he trebly dear to her for his misfortune. But it was the woman who lay supine upon her couch, with all the charms she had possessed riven from her, and he was not a very noble man, and only noble men are tenderly constant.

By degrees the change came. The danger of her death was over. The constant watch was no longer needed. An invalid for life, the Lady Anne reposed among her pillows, too proud to use her crutches or her wheeled chair, and day by day she saw less of the man to whom her love had given all she had, and all she was in her heyday.

He was silky and soft and gentle when he came, but her sick room bored him, and she knew it. Lady Anne was sad, but she was too grand a woman to be pettish.

"It is natural," she said to herself. "Men are not like women, and it grieves him to see me thus. Some day he will grow more used to it.'

And she was very loving to him.

But one day, as she opened a book that had been brought to her, a note fell from it, and, opening it, she read these words:

"My Lady: I am but a humble person, and dare not avow myself; but it grieves me to see your trust misplaced as it is. You think Rosine a faithful servant. Beware of her, my lady. If you could but see what I have seen, in the balcony that opens from your boudoir; if you could but hear what I have heard there, in the dusk of the evening, you would know what I dare not tell. Yet, my lady, at least I can say this: Your maid is very beautiful, and your husband seems to know it. While you are upon your couch, Satan is at work within your dwelling. That you may thwart him, I give you this hint.

"I am, my lady, an unknown humble

"WELL-WISHER."

Lady Anne crushed the note in her hands and hid it in her bosom. No servant had written this; that she knew by its wording. Her thoughts flew to her doctor, to the clergyman, to others who might have been cognisant of the affairs of her household. With her blood boiling, she remembered certain things that had not seemed of much importance before; and she particularly recalled the fact that Rosine was always absent from her by permission about dusk, and that her husband never came to her at that time.

Vowing to herself to know the truth, she hid her emotion from Rosine all day, and when the dusk of evening came, she begged to be left quite alone.

It was a still, warm evening. The windows were all open. The breath of the flowers swept in from the garden. The stars twinkled in the sky, but the moon had not yet risen. In such hours as these had love words been whispered to Lady Anne, in the days of her strength and beauty.

Memories of stolen kisses and stealthy meetings in shady walks with the game-keeper's son crowded the poor woman's soul, and mingled with her doubts and terrors. With a shudder she reached forth her hand and took up those velvet-handled crutches which stood near her, though she had hitherto refused to use them. They made no sound upon the velvet carpet, as she dragged herself across the room. Terrible pains rent her body, but her heart felt agonising throes that deadened them. She reached the window at last, and leaned against the sill, weak and panting.

Below lay the balcony that opened from her boudoir. From it voices ascended to her ear. The tones were low, almost to those of a whisper, but she heard the words plainly. They were not many, but they were enough.

Rosine and Lady Anne's husband were there together. His hand was upon her shoulder. She was lighting his cigar for him.

"But you know you are the prettiest girl in England," said he, taking his cigar. "You don't need *me* to tell you that."

"Monsieur flatters," said Rosine.

"You make me wish I were not a married man every day of my life," said Monsieur.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, if Madame heard!" said Rosine.

"But Madame doesn't," said Monsieur. "And what harm is there in praising a pretty girl? I'm not a slave, if I am married."

Then he kissed her, and she slapped him softly, very softly, in the face, and ran away.

She ran straight to Madame's room. There was no light there as yet, but at the door a hand caught her by the neckerchief and held her fast. In the faint starlight she could see the tall form, in its white wrapper, supported on its crutches; but the hands were strong enough, in all conscience. She dared not to use force enough to shake them off.

"Base little wretch!" whispered Lady Anne's voice in her ear. "I know you now. Leave my house to-night. Go back to your native land, and out of his sight for ever, or, cripple as I am, I will find you out. My feet are useless—God help me!—but my hands are strong, and with them, if ever you return to England, I will strangle you, whether I am living or dead."

The hand at Rosine's throat clutched it as she spoke so fiercely, that when she let it go the girl fell gasping to the ground.

She did not wait to see what befell Lady Anne, but when her breath returned, crawled out of the room, went to the housekeeper for her wages, and ere the next day's dawn broke she was gone, no one knew whither.

A gaunt old Scotch woman took her place, and Lady Anne kept her secret to herself, but her heart was broken. She died of that, and not of her injuries, whatever the doctors might say; but her will remained unaltered, and her husband inherited all her property, no other legal heirs existing.

When she was dead he wept for her, and wore mourning for her the proper time; but at the end of the year he left England for a while, and crossed the channel to France.

When he returned, a second wife bore him company. She was no other than Rosine.

# Two Happy Hours.

I do confess I have read nothing lately with such keen relish as the story of the late Sandwich Island mob, who, when they heard, outside of the Court House, that Kalakaua was elected sovereign of the nation over their favourite Queen Emma, set up a true Hawaiian yell, fell upon the honourable representatives, both inside and outside of the hall, cut them up, so to speak, into kindling wood, and for two mortal hours raged and ramped, slashed, crashed, screamed and roared through the building like so many lions and hyenas. At the end of two hours the main room looked as if it had been the scene of a railroad accident.

They do that kind of thing very well in Paris, but there they mix a little French ingenuity with the destruction, and, besides, the thing there is *raisonné*. There is some sense in it. The *pétroleuse* has a certain vague apprehension of Nemesis. But this Hawaiian outburst apparently began and ended in foolishness. It was not a cause or even a movement. It was quelled—my friend, who was there that very day, tells me—by a big U.S. marine, who himself carried a large part of the mob to the lock-up, six at a a time—three in each hand. The King was quietly installed very soon after, and the insurrectionists seem to make as loyal subjects as Kalakaua could wish.

You need not tell me that it was a grand hatred for the new king that made them go on like wild beasts. No; they had a better provocation than that, for generation after generation they had been, to use Mrs. Muffin's expression, "sat upon" by civilised clothes, civilised customs, civilised Governments, civilised laws, civilised proprieties, and civilisation generally. The time had come when those in whom the old blood was hottest could stand it no longer. They arose, and in the names of their ancestors, smashed things. They had two happy hours.—*Dr. Holland.*

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PERHAPS it is not known that the great lexicographer was himself once guilty of a pun. We are told that he and Bozzy had been directed to a house that was said to be near a *toy-shop* in St. James's-street, corner of St. James's-place; and having difficulty in finding the place, Johnson remarked, "To direct one to a corner shop is *toying* with one." "This," says the biographer, "was the first time I knew him to stoop to such sport."

## News Miscellany.

**Extraordinary Hailstones.**—A hailstorm of extraordinary fury recently burst over Lyons. Hailstones were picked up as big as a chicken's egg, and weighing in some few instances 12oz. to 14oz. All the skylights and green-houses were shattered, and houses in exposed positions had their windows and Venetian blinds smashed. Some people were wounded by the stones. All the crops within reach of the hail are ruined, but the storm seems to have spent its chief fury over the town. The damage done to the hospitals alone is estimated at 35,000f.

**Skeleton of a Stag.**—A nearly perfect skeleton of a stag, together with its well-preserved antlers, was found last week in the peat bog called Eglenmoos, near Gossau, Canton of St. Gall, about 15 feet below the surface. The horns measure 3 feet 2 inches. A similar head was dug up by the same workman seven years ago, not 100 feet from the spot. This circumstance induced him to use great caution, and consequently the almost total preservation of the skeleton.

**Devoured by an Alligator.**—A Queensland paper gives the following account: Early in April, a boy, aged about 15 years, the son of a Mr. Porter, of Euri Creek, was dragged by an alligator into a waterhole close to his father's house. It appears that this boy and his elder brother had been engaged getting pigs into a stye, and that the poor lad, who is gone, went into the edge of the waterhole to wash a greenhide rope, which they had been using with the pigs. Whilst he was so engaged his little sister, who was sitting on the bank hard by, saw the alligator seize the boy by the leg, and drag him under water. She gave the alarm, but it was of course too late, the brute had dragged the boy down to the bottom, and nothing more was seen of him for several days, when a leg and a portion of his clothing floated to the surface. A few days later the same paper thus records the destruction of the alligator. The brute was over 12 feet long, and of very great age, probably over 100 years. This was indicated by the condition of his monstrous teeth, many of which were gone altogether, and the remainder much worn. He also showed scars and severe marks of former battles, having lost a considerable piece of one side of his snout, probably bitten off by some rival alligator. Inside the stomach was found the skull and hair, and some of the bones of the boy. Among the bones were some of the vertebræ, already much worn by the action of the stomach, and also softened, probably by the gastric juice.

**Deputies in their Shirt Sleeves.**—A Berne correspondent of the *Nouvelliste* writes to that paper: With your permission I will finish this letter with a slight sketch which will contribute, in spite of occasional incidents, to preserve our reputation for parliamentary order; and will illustrate in our case that expression of Voltaire wherein he speaks of the simplicity of Lacedemon and the politeness of Athens. It is six o'clock in the evening; the large hall of the Conseil National (remember it is hot weather), airy and fresh, is a capital place to work in. Some thirty deputies are busy writing, scattered up and down on the right and left; the bureau is equally busy; most of these gentlemen are perfectly at their ease: that is to say they have taken off their coats and are smoking the traditional cigar, now and then chatting familiarly. On one of the more conspicuous seats, one of our deputies has divested himself of both coat and waistcoat, and a pair of brilliant red braces stand out in bold relief from the snow-white linen. An English family enter the gallery stealing in on tiptoe; these tourists regard with the habitual respect that belongs to their country, the august Assembly; pater-familias takes notes and then all quit the Salle. Probably, adds the imaginative correspondent, the following record will appear in his note-book: Visited the sitting of the Swiss National Assembly; calm, perfect; great difference from Versailles; discussion thoroughly parliamentary; President in national costume.

**The Author of the Christy's Minstrels Songs.**—Besides the fact that the Christy's Minstrels "never perform out of London," and that when they do perform they give great satisfaction, but little is generally known of the history of this tuneful band, and of the compositions interpreted by them. Some information on the subject has now, however, been published, as a result of the exhibition in New York of 100 of the songs belonging to the *répertoire* of the founder of the musical association which goes by his name. Nearly all the songs are endorsed in Mr. Christy's own handwriting with his opinion of the composition in words emphatic and to the point, and the printed sheets are in many instances accompanied by autograph letters from the composers, many of which consist of acknowledgments, "with many thanks," of the receipt of payment for their productions. Among these is a note from S. C. Foster, acknowledging with the same stereotyped form of gratitude the receipt of ten dollars for the words and music of "Oh! boys, carry me 'long," one of the most popular songs in the collection. According to a New York journal, the letters exhibited show that Mr. Foster was the author of many of the songs, but that he gave Mr. Christy the credit of their composition for a consideration. One letter, however, contains a proposal from Mr. Foster to close the contract, and write again in his own name. No reply to this is exhibited, but the letter itself is endorsed by Mr. Christy in terms even more to the purpose than usual.

**Appeal by an Imprisoned Bandit.**—Vasquez, the Mexican bandit, has published the following in the Los Angeles paper: "To the Public: Wounded, a prisoner, and in the shadow of approaching death, or a more to be dreaded incarceration, an unfortunate and sinful man appeals to the charitable among men of whatever nation to contribute to a fund sufficient to enable him to place his case fairly before the world and the jury to sit in judgment upon him, hereby asserting his innocence of the higher crimes imputed to him, and his ability to establish the fact at a fair, impartial trial. Tiburcio Vasquez. In gaol at Los Angeles, May 22, 1874."

**An Awkward Predicament.**—"Do you call that being *dressed?*" sarcastically observed a *connoisseur* in the art, to an acquaintance who, with honest pride, observed that he had not spent much time in dressing. Many, doubtless, deserve this sneer (says the *Echo*) for the traditions of Brummell and D'Orsay are fast dying out, but the worst dressers are seldom so unsuccessful in their *toilette* as to be wholly excluded from the festive scene they intend to adorn. This, according to a New York journal, was lately the sad fate of a young Englishman, not, indeed, by the verdict of a fashionable assembly, but in consequence of the umbrage given by his costume to two sagacious judges of dress and deportment. The unfortunate youth had been beguiled to his doom by the dangerous latitude of choice afforded by a fancy dress ball. Had he been restricted to the usual suit of penitential black, all would have been well; as it was, he chose the garb of a monkey, and in this attire left his hotel to walk the few yards between it and the ball-room. Two immense dogs stood in the road watching the company go in. They bore patiently with Albanians, Knights Templars, and Harlequins, but when they caught sight of the Simian costume, they dashed forward, and in a few seconds the wearer was seated on a high fence by the roadside, hopelessly cut off from the scene of revelry by the two dogs, who kept watch over him, howling alternately at the moon and at himself.

**The Law of the Beard.**—The following is from a report of the proceedings of a recent conference of "Dunkers" at Girard, Illinois: "Then came a question with reference to the manner in which the beard should be worn, which elicited a lengthy discussion, and it was decided that wearing the beard in fashionable style was contrary to the doctrines of the Church, and that the brotherhood should be very careful not to imitate the ways of the world in this respect. It has ever been the order of the Church to wear a full beard; but to wear a moustache only is not permissible, and renders the offending brother liable to Church discipline. It was recommended that the brethren should trim the moustache shorter than the lip, that the mouth might be clean to receive the kiss of brotherly love." An American paper says: "The Dunkers, or Dunkards, or more properly Tunkards, are an ascetic branch of Baptists, originating in Germany in 1708. Before this conference it was necessary for the Dunkards to greet each other with a holy kiss, but as the inevitable negro had found his way in, the Virginia churches demurred, and kissing has been left to be settled by each church for itself."

**A Body in a Clock-case.**—It is currently believed that on the very top of one of the houses in the neighbourhood of Hyde-park there exists a sarcophagus, which contains the body of a gentleman who once owned the premises below. It is certain that the visitors to the College of Surgeons at Lincoln's-inn-fields can any day examine the remains of Mrs. Van Buchell, the wife of the once celebrated quack doctor, who, in the time of our grandfathers, might have been observed in the afternoon riding on his white pony in the park, the blinkers over the pony's eyes being so contrived that at any moment the doctor could cause them to shut up close over the orbits, and thus prevent the pony being frightened by unexpected objects. The story is that the doctor was to receive the benefit of his wife's marriage settlement so long "as her body was above ground," so he had her converted into a mummy, and put her in a clock-case.

**Butchery of a Chief, his Family, and Tribe.**—The *Natal Mercury* says: Langabalele, the rebel convict, and his son, Malambule, have been removed from the Maritzburg to the Durban Gaol. Langabalele has appealed to the Executive Council from the judgment of the Court that tried him, and the Bishop of Natal is personally to advocate his cause before the Council. Mabuhle, the induna who commanded Langabalele's rebel army in the Bushman's Pass when the three volunteers were killed, was reported as having been in Witsie's Hock with 500 men. Witsie's Hock is on the other side of the Drakensberg, in Free State territory. Later intelligence throws doubt on the correctness of the report. Of this, however, there can be no doubt, several hundreds of Langabalele's followers must be somewhere near the border. Umbaleni, a Caffre chief residing in the Zulu country, has crossed the border into the Transvaal, and made an attack upon the place of a chief named Umtshwana, who was living under the protection of the Transvaal Government. Umtshwana was absent at the time, but about 200 of his people were killed and 1000 head of cattle swept away. Cetywayo, the King of the Zulus, avers that Umbaleni committed the outrage without his knowledge, and that he will punish him for it. Ludango, the young Prince of the Amaswazis, has been killed by poison. His people have pounced upon his uncle Umdwanda, whom they suspected of having administered the poison. They butchered Umdwanda, his wives, children, and all his tribe.

**The Largest Iron Sailing Ship Built in Scotland.**—Messrs. Archibald M'Millan and Son launched recently from their dockyard at Dumbarton, the largest iron sailing ship that has yet been built in Scotland. The vessel was named the Stuart Hahnemann, measures 2303 ton B.M., and is 210 tons gross register. She will form an addition to the fleet of Messrs. Stuart and Douglas's liners between London and the East, has been constructed to class the highest mark at Lloyd's and in the Liverpool Underwriters' Registry, and she will be under the command of Captain Van Norden. She was launched with her topgallant masts aloft, and without ballast.

**Interviewing a New York Belle.**—A New York belle lately travelled as far as Nebraska to be united to a young gentleman belonging to that State, who had advertised for a wife. Letters had passed between them, and nothing could be more prosperous than their courtship on paper; but when the lady arrived at Omaha and met the gentleman whose agreeable epistolary style had lured her from her city home, she declared she "was disappointed in him, did not like him, and would not marry him," a wise decision as it turned out, for the rejected one was shortly afterwards lodged in gaol for robbery. Meantime a reporter waited upon the lady. Wasting no time in commonplace consolations, he asked to see her *trousseau*, and poured balm on her wounded feelings by informing the public that "her dresses were very nice, and some of them quite elegant." Cheered by this sympathy, she returned home, where, we may hope, she will soon find a valid excuse for being, as the reporter stated, "amply provided with every article required by a bride."

**A Living Child in a Mortuary.**—Strange revelations are occasionally made at coroners' inquests, and certainly the evidence given at an inquest held by Dr. Lankester in St. Pancras touching the death of Emily Lucy Prince, aged five years, was, to say the least, rather startling. This little girl was the daughter of a blind man living in Draper's-place, Burton-crescent, and was taken ill on Thursday. The next morning she was worse, and a doctor was sent for, who, on arriving at the house, pronounced her to be dead. She was accordingly removed to the mortuary, and on the same evening a *post-mortem* examination of the body was about to be made, when "a thrill" was felt in the pulse, and it was found that the heart had not ceased to beat. Under these circumstances the *post-mortem* examination was wisely postponed until the following day, and the body of the child was placed in a warm bath. Life, however, either was or soon became extinct, for again she was pronounced to be dead, and the postponed *post-mortem* examination showed that death had occurred from an effusion of serum into the pericardium of the heart. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence, and here ended the case; but the story teaches the lesson that the utmost precautions should always be taken to guard against the possibility of such a serious mistake as that of treating living persons as though they were dead.

**Slave-Trading on the Gold Coast.**—A few days ago the *Manchester Guardian* published a letter from its correspondent at Cape Coast Castle, in which the following statement was made: "Bands of Ashantee traders occasionally come down, and their principal article [illegible] commerce is slaves, many of them children, and all kidnapped from other countries. But this is allowed and protected by the British Government, and even Cape Coast itself is a slave market, and the police are employed in catching any poor creature who runs away." The Committee of the Aborigines Protection Society at once called the Earl of Carnarvon's attention to this grave allegation, and expressed their conviction that, if it were true, his lordship would "insist upon the probibition of the nefarious traffic, and the release of the enslaved persons." Mr. R. H. Meade, in reply, stated that the extract had been forwarded to the Administrator of the Gold Coast, with a request that he would report upon it. Mr. Meade added: "Lord Carnarvon has, however, little doubt that there must be some very great misapprehension of facts." The Secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society, in thanking the Colonial Minister for his action in the matter, informs his lordship that the *Manchester Guardian* had pledged itself to the truth of the statement made by its correspondent, and expresses the opinion of the committee that, "so long as slavery is tolerated in the British Protectorate, there can be no possible security against the practice of slave-trading."

**Nine Prisoners Killed in Gaol.**—Texas papers give brief accounts of the assault upon the gaol in Belton, Bell County, on the night of May 25, by a crowd of armed men, who overpowered the guard and shot nine prisoners, one a murderer and the others horse thieves. It is said that for some time past the county has been infested with a number of bad men, principally horse thieves, and eleven men were confined in the county gaol, nine of whom were in the cage. On Monday night, May 25, at about one o'clock, a crowd of 103 men, mounted and armed, approached the gaol and demanded admission of the gaoler, who, with four young men from the town, constituted the guard. Upon this being refused, they proceeded to break in and kill nine of the prisoners (those confined in the cage). Massey, a prisoner in an adjoining room, who with another prisoner, was not molested, says that the prisoners were questioned as to the charges against them, and then shot. William Henry Grimbles cursed the killing party considerably, and, on being missed on the first fire, invited them to try again, which they did. The jury of inquest rendered a verdict that they came to their death by gun and pistol shot wounds, inflicted by parties to them unknown. The public are unaware who the parties are who did the killing. The sheriff was absent, after a prisoner. The following is the statement of Wilkins, Deputy Sheriff of Bell County: "A posse of 103 men from the east, masked and armed, rode into the town of Belton and surrounded the gaol, having heard that there was to be a gaol delivery by the friends of the parties in gaol. The masked men took possession of the guard, broke open the gaol, and shot nine prisoners in their cells. The killing was done at 1.30 Tuesday morning.

**Curious Exhibition in a Lunatic Asylum.**—A curious exhibition has lately been opened to the public in the lunatic asylum at Brünnfeld, near Vienna. The objects exhibited are divided into three classes—the first comprising 215 articles made entirely by the lunatics, the second articles destroyed by them in their moments of frenzy, and the third models, &c., showing how they are lodged and clothed. Among the articles in the first class are delicately carved meerschaum pipes, lace, picture frames, and a remarkable collection of paintings by Kratky, who before he became insane was a celebrated artist at Vienna. Those paintings show no signs of insanity, and one of them is a wonderfully lifelike representation of the lunatics hearing mass in the chapel attached to the asylum. Next to these specimens of the constructive skill of the inmates are placed huge iron bars bent double, spoons and iron plates broken to pieces, and doors split in half. The favourite occupations of these unfortunate people are stated to be writing and drawing, in which some of them have become singularly proficient.

**Hobson's Choice.**—A ludicrous discussion, says the *Lancet*, took place lately in the Town Council at Cambridge. The late mayor had presented to the Guildhall a portrait of Hobson, the celebrated letter-carrier, who arranged the posts between Cambridge and London during the latter part of the reign of Charles II. Old Hobson was an original character; in vain his customers endeavoured to make their own selection of beasts to carry them on their journey; the horse whose turn it was to go out was invariably harnessed; this horse or none the stout old post-master offered, whence "Hobson's choice." Now, Hobson was a sanitarian, and had a great idea of keeping the town sweet and clean. For this purpose he bequeathed certain moneys to provide for a flow of fresh water to run perpetually on both sides of the streets of Cambridge. Drains were not invented in those days, or doubtless he would have employed the water for adequately flushing them. The present mayor has ordered the portrait of this worthy townsman to be removed from the Guildhall. Of course certain members of the council are highly indignant, and attack the conduct of the mayor. This gentleman defends himself on purely æsthetic grounds, and declares the picture as a work of art is not worthy the Guildhall. But we do not hold this to be the true motive for removal. Has not the face of this ancient sanitarian of late assumed a stern, reproachful gaze, so that the mayor does not care to have any more private interviews with it? If this be the case, Hobson's portrait will be stowed away in the lumber-room, without giving him a choice in the matter, till Cambridge is once more clean. Meantime the townspeople will be deprived of the likeness of the most famous citizen.

**Barnum on American Circus Performers.**—In circuses—as in everything else—the Americans are, in their own opinion, and particularly in that of Mr. Barnum, "every way superior." "With us," said he to a recent interviewer, "the circus performer stops at the best hotel." But the English circus people "sleep in their waggons, cook their own food, and herd together like cattle." When an English showman wishes to make a sensation, he "catches the best foreigner he can, and advertises him as an American Star." "Charlie Fish, the greatest rider in the world, is an American. The Czar has heaped honours upon him, and he is not twenty years old." In fine, Mr. Barnum sums up with the modest judgment, "There is more native talent in our country than in the whole of Europe." But, although Mr. Barnum thinks so poorly of European men, he acknowledges great merit in European horses, at least in German horses. They, he says, are "positively wonderful." But the greatest circus proprietor in Germany is, of course, an American, whose honoured name is Jim Myers. Sometimes he makes tours into Italy, and he and "Victor Emmanuel are the firmest friends." "Myers and Victor Emmanuel remain together talking horse" for two hours every morning, "much to the chagrin of all the Ministers of State," who are all jealous of the showman. They make presents to each other. The King gives a horse. The showman responds with a real London Hansom cab, made expressly to order. Mr. Barnum brings these interesting anecdotes to a conclusion with the remark, "The American shows are in every way the best. We give more varied embellishments and longer performances than any nation on earth."

**Monument to the Queen's Father.**—The Duke of Beaufort's tomb, which adjoined the monument to the King of the Belgians in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been removed to the family estate in Gloucestershire. It was removed in twenty-one packages. Her Majesty has determined to erect in the vacuum a magnificent chapel and a monument in honour of her father, the Duke of Kent. This will necessitate the removal of the monument of the King of the Belgians, which will be placed near the organ loft in the north aisle, beside that of Sir John Elley. The windows of the new chapel will be in stained glass to correspond with those in the immediate vicinity.

**Crystal Fountain for India.**—A magnificent crystal glass fountain, which has just been manufactured for the Maharajah of Puttiala, and which is probably one of the most splendid pieces of glass work ever executed, is now on view at Messrs. F. and C. Osler's, 45, Oxford-street, London. The height of the whole fountain is 23ft. 6in., and its weight 2 tons and a quarter. On a broad marble base is a platform of richly-cut glass, from which rises a large central shaft, surrounded by six columns, composed of prisms of crystals, very richly cut on the inner side, and fitted so exactly that the joints are imperceptible. A cornice of glass connects the columns, each of which is surmounted by a large globe of solid crystal, cut in triangular facets of minute exactness. From the capital of the central shaft depend two rows of large crystal pendants. From the massive trunk rises in curves of great beauty a crystal basin eight feet in diameter, in which is placed the principal row of jets. The basin is scalloped, and is cut on the under side to represent the ripple and play of water. Near where the basin meets the trunk is suspended a row of pendants and ovoid-cut drops, perfect in purity and brilliancy. Above the basin the design changes. Elegant scrolls in glass festooned and arranged in three tiers, carry the jets in the upper part of the work, which terminates in a prismatic star and pointed hexagonal ornament.

**Curious Discovery of a Buried House.**—In the works on the Arth-Righi Railway, a house, overwhelmed in the beginning of this century by the fall of part of the Rossberg, was discovered. It is covered by a layer of clay, several feet in thickness, in such a manner that, although situated quite close on the margin of the Aa rivulet, it was hermetically closed up. Parts of human bodies have been found which have escaped complete decay. In excavating on the spot, the workmen accidentally hit upon a room in the house, for amongst the objects found are knives, forks, spoons, different coins, a rosary, turned table legs of oak, a gold tea-spoon, different copper utensils, two black silk neckkerchiefs on which the flower designs may still be recognised, and two pocket-books, the contents of which cannot be deciphered. The smaller objects are perfectly preserved, the larger ones, however, completely crushed.

**New Marriage Rules of a Brahmin Sect.**—A sect of Brahmins in Allahabad, which had been long notorious for vices under the cloak of religion, has, it appears, turned a new leaf and enacted the following rules for its guidance: "That every parent shall send his son to school up to the age of 20 to study Sanscript, Goozerati, and English. That the association shall examine students every six months and award prizes. No boy shall be married to a girl who is not at least three years younger than *him* (*sic*). Nobody shall give his daughter in marriage to a man who is more than 50 years old. Nobody shall take a second wife until the first is more than 30 years old, or afflicted with a disease beyond medical control. No girl shall be sent to her husband's house until she arrives at the state of womanhood. The practice of singing indecent songs during marriage festivities shall be put a stop to.

**An Eccentric Householder.**—There is an eccentric ratepayer residing at Brixton. His wife lets him have his own way, and a very peculiar way it is. He is of a Shakesperian turn of mind, and dresses his youngest boy, of four summers, in black velvet—like Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The next, of eight, assumes the costume of Macduff, the girl with flowing hair is named Juliet, and identifies herself as far as possible with the character—short, of course, of going out of her mind and making for Peckham-rye pond; and the mother is always addressed as Lady Macbeth.

**Migration of Flowers.**—If the "language of flowers" enabled them to give information as to their antecedents, it would be interesting to learn from whence many of them have travelled. The occasional mysterious appearance in certain districts of plants previously unknown there has always been a matter of interest to botanists, and no one can observe the growth of strange grasses on waste pieces of ground without a feeling of curiosity as to the past history of the germs from which the often luxuriant vegetation takes its source. At the meeting of the Botanical Society at Edinburgh recently, specimens were exhibited of several Spanish plants which have lately been found growing on the banks of the water of Leith, between Currie and Colinton. Among these specimens were a number of grasses and cruciferous species. The only way, it was stated, of accounting for the appearance of these Spanish plants in the district where they were found, is by supposing that they may have been introduced with esparto grass, which is largely used in mills on the water of Leith in the paper manufacture. This possibly may be the true explanation of the matter; but seeds are great travellers, and it is very difficult to trace their movements.

**Angling in the Thames.**—With the exception of grayling and salmon, all river fish are now daily caught throughout the length of the river, and with the exception of the "King's rights" of netting, most of which have been given up, the whole is conserved for the rod and line. The only restriction placed upon angling in the Thames is that anglers must not be found in possession of undersized fish; and the Thames Conservancy powers of the Upper and Lower Thames have agreed to weight and sizes below which fish, if caught, must not be basketed. The list commences with salmon, about which it seems there are doubts as to its not breeding in the river, whence in olden time came fish in comparison with which "none were of so excellent a taste." The salmon must not be taken of less weight than 6lb. The trout, which is found at parts of the river, though not in anything like such great numbers as in bygone times, must not be taken less than a pound in weight; but Thames trout are seldom found so small as this, running, as they do, to more than a dozen pounds. The chub, which are exceedingly plentiful, must not be taken less than nine inches in length, measured from the eye to the end of the tail; perch or roach must not be taken less than eight inches, and both these are also very plentiful; flounders, which are plentiful in the Lower Thames, must not be taken less than seven inches; dace or smelts (the former plentiful and the latter scarce), not less than six inches; gudgeon not less than five inches; and pike, jack (both of the tribes of *esox lucius*, the former the larger, the latter the younger), and barbel must not be taken of less than 12 inches in length. In many parts of the river the barbel is most plentiful, and well-to-do Trent fishermen come to the banks of the Thames at this season to enjoy the sport which can always be obtained by those who know the haunts of this fish. The pike tribe is also plentiful, and runs to a large size in the Thames, many being taken last year of upwards of 24lb. The trout may be fished for until the 10th of September; pike, jack, chub, roach, dace, barbel, gudgeon, tench, bream, and carp until the end of February. The fine is £5 for being in possession of an under-sized fish, a fish out of season, or for having an illegal net. Last week the jack and perch were in good order, but chub and roach were not.

**Australian Telegraphic Charges.**—A definite proposal has been submitted to the Governments of the Australian colonies for the reduction of the telegraphic charges for messages by cable from London to Australia. An offer has been submitted by Colonel Glover, as the representative of the telegraph company, viz., that for a subsidy of £25,000 per annum, to be reduced £100 for every 100 messages over 30,000 a year, a minimum rate between London and Port Darwin should be fixed at £3 5s. for 10 words, and 6s. 6d. for every additional word, and between India and Port Darwin at 38s. for 10 words, and 3s. 10d. for every additional word, with corresponding reductions to other countries. The question is now under consideration by this Government.

**Proposed Canadian Union.**—The *Toronto Globe* is "pleased to see a movement commenced in Nova Scotia for the union of the Three Maritime Provinces of the Confederation. The idea of having all these under one Lieutenant-Governor, and one Local Legislature, is so reasonable, that the wonder is not that it has now been suggested, but that it had not been carried long ago. The expense of local government and Legislation would be very much reduced, while there would be a greater likelihood of a higher class of men being selected for the Local Legislature, as the number required would be much smaller, and the range of selection more varied. As things are at present, these provinces are very small, and their local expenses consequently unfairly heavy. While Ontario has about 180,000 square miles of territory, and Quebec a great deal more, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island have only 49,494 square miles among them all. Ontario has a population of a million and a half, while all the Canadian provinces on the seaboard have not 700,000 all told. Yet each of the three has to keep up a Local Executive and Legislature at an expense which is formidable to small populations, and which yields no commensurate advantage in return for the very considerable outlay. If these provinces were united, the one formed, though not to be called large, would be respectable in size, and strong in a numerous, energetic and intelligent population. This new province would, from the very first, occupy such a position of influence and power as its separate component parts could never secure."

**Berthon's Collapsible Barge.**—Among other scientific devices with which the Faraday is supplied, with the view of facilitating the laying of the Direct United States Cable, is a "collapsible" barge, the principle of which is the invention of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, a name already well-known in nautical circles in connection with his Perpetual Log. The principle was originally applied by Mr. Berthon to life-boats, a number of which, it is stated, are in course of construction. The barge was built by Mr. E. P. Berthon, the son of the inventor, and is to be used in laying the shore ends of the cable, of which it will carry from 20 to 30 tons with very light draught of water. The proportions of length to breadth in the barge are very unusual, being nearly 2 to 1, the dimensions being—length, 31ft.; width, 16ft.; and depth, 4ft. Such, however, is its collapsibility, that stowed away on the deck of the Faraday, it only measures 2ft. at its greatest width. The barge is cellular in construction, and when a small confining rope is cast off it expands automatically, inhaling into its ten cells about 500 cubic feet of air. During the process of expansion the jointed bottom boards, which are fourteen feet wide, fall into their places, and lever-stanchions being placed under the gunwales, the barge is ready for lowering in a minute or two. When in the water a very substantial platform is lowered into the barge, composed of beams 7½ inches thick and 1-inch planks. Upon this deck the cable will be coiled, and will be payed out over a large iron sheave at the stern post. The barge weighs about 25 cwt., and having great powers of flotation with light draught, is expected to be very serviceable in laying the shore ends of the new cable. The principle, moreover, appears to be one which it might be found desirable to introduce into the life-boat service.

**Japanese Art Curiosities.**—A writer to the *Japan Mail* states a fact with regard to Japanese art which ought to have some effect on the market for these curiosities. The external signs of the old civilisation are being rapidly thrown off, and in many cases the natives are parting freely with treasures which a little time ago no temptation would have induced them to sell. A curious instance is quoted of a *Samurai*, who has lately cast aside as "unfit for a civilised man" a sword, which a few years before he had refused to part with, although in actual want. From this influence it happens that a large number of valuable artistic treasures are now thrown upon the market. Foreigners easily obtain possession of what is no longer cherished and admired, and the residents in Yeddo and Yokohama are constantly visited by dealers who have collected articles of Japanese manufacture from the rich natives throughout the country. The prices at which these articles are offered are very low, and every specimen of art manufacture is quickly passing to Europe. If this rapid abandonment of their own productions does not influence the price of these things in Europe, it will be because the taste for them here is proportionally spreading.

# GODFREY DARWIN'S CRIMES;

OR,

## The Lock of Grey Hair.

By the Popular Author of "Spenser's Wife,"
"The Rose and the Shamrock," &c.

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### CHAPTER I.

AT THE WYVERN.

There are two ways into Meadsley—Kentish Meadsley—one by the chalky road diverging from the Queen's highway, and winding down between hop grounds and cherry orchards to the valley in which the town lies, snugly sheltered from the north-east winds; the other leading the pedestrian along a foot-track, devious, perhaps, but always beautiful. At first it shelves rapidly down betwixt high banks, gay in their season with wild flowers; then it follows a sparkling little stream fringed with copses, above which tower the ruins of an old castle; from hence the path strikes across the centre of a bonny English meadow, and then widens into a lane that passes under the walls of the gardens in the rear of the High-street, until, with an abrupt turn, it ends in a small square in the heart of the town, known as the Market-place, and from which radiate the principal streets of Meadsley.

About a mile from Meadsley, and close to where these two ways branch out of the Dovor-road, stands a quaint, bay-windowed inn, known as the Wyvern, and kept by a certain Joseph Smith, a long loose-jointed slab of a Suffolk man, who can do nothing well but talk, and that judging by quantity rather than quality. There are no dwellings nearer to the Wyvern than the cluster of cottages huddled round the toll-gate at the entrance to the town, and it seems but a dull location for a tavern—few people, except on market days, coming this way since the railway station was opened at the other end of Meadsley. But country innkeepers seldom depend now-a-days on the sale of their liquors. Mrs. Smith, a brisk little woman, who worked *con amore*, had her brindled cow, famous for the butter-yielding milk it gave; her brood of hens, renowned for the size and weight of their eggs; and generally a pet pig in the stye, whose broad sides were doomed on the approach of Christmas to swell into coin of the realm, and gladden the eyes of those rustics who can only appreciate pig-meat when it consists of one inch of lean to three of fat.

With the aid of these small helps, as Mrs. Smith called them, the patronage of the carters, who went to and fro with their teams, and occasional visits from the neighbouring farmers and hop growers, the Wyvern held up its head to the extent of new paint and gilt letters; and Joe Smith's pockets, thanks to his thrifty wife, were reckoned to be warmly lined in spite of his readiness to join in any murmurs against the times which village politicians would raise the while they idled an hour away in the Wyvern kitchen, or basked on the seats in the broad, pleasant porch outside the door.

Against one of the posts of this porch one June evening, the landlord of the Wyvern was lazily propping himself, and prophesying a fine morrow for the cutting of Farmer Brown's grass in the "mead-row," as one of the meadows lying between the inn and the town was commonly called. Across this meadow some one—as yet invisible at the Wyvern—was lightly tripping, her skirts brushing against the tall spikes of the seeding grasses as they swayed to and fro—now golden in the sunshine, now purple and dim in the shadows of the coming twilight.

Plucking the feathery sprays as she passed, and mingling them with the honeysuckles and scarcely less fragrant roses she had gathered from the tall hedges, came the Meadsley belle *par excellence*—brown-eyed Marian Esmond. There was no one near to mar her real enjoyment of the scene and hour, for the band of the Meadsley volunteers favoured their fellow townsmen with a public performance that evening, and all Marian's young lady friends had taken their way to the Market-place to promenade around the musicians and distract them. Besides, this foot-path by the brook, in spite of its loveliness, was never frequented after the sun began to decline, and the ruined castle on the opposite bank of the stream to cast gaunt shadows across it.

Archeologists might venerate this grim relic of feudal times, but the Meadsley people mingled with their pride in its antiquity such a devout belief in the spectral forms said to haunt it, and the corpse lights gleaming through its decaying windows, that they gave it a wide berth as soon as evening approached.

But Marian Esmond's thoughts were not with the castle when she came under its shadow. That they were pleasant ones might be divined from the soft glow overspreading her cheeks, as her smiling lips were furtively pressed to the ring she wore on one of her fingers; an act of girlish enthusiasm followed by a deeper flush, and a startled glance over her shoulder, lest any one should have followed her unheard, and be laughing at her folly.

Quickening her steps, Marian passed the mill, a rickety, wooden building that had fallen into disuse ever since a steam opponent erected its tall chimney in the centre of the town. And now the eye of mine host at the inn door fell upon the graceful figure of the young lady as she opened the swing-gate, and he lifted himself up to touch his straw hat with rustic courtesy; for was not pretty Miss Esmond, sister-in-law to Mr. Darwin of the firm of Harris and Darwin, solicitors at Meadsley, and collectors of the rent at the Wyvern, and all the other messuages, tenements, &c., appertaining to the great Moncton property?

"Nice weather for the hay," said Joe Smith oracularly, as Marian smilingly returned his salutation. "Be you goin' any furder, Miss?"

Surprised at the inquiry, Marian hesitated; and he added, with a jerk of his finger in the direction of the Dovor-road, "There be a gang o' them gipsy folk pitching their tents joost this side o' the finger poast, and they mought be troublesome to ye." Marian thanked him and paused; for though as fearless as country-bred ladies generally are, she had no desire to risk an encounter with vagrants in such a secluded spot. She would turn her steps homeward at once, but by which route? A simple matter to decide, yet—as some of our simplest actions are destined to prove—weighty enough in some of its consequences.

A glance at the footway! She had just traversed it with real enjoyment, but now it looked strangely lonely; and saying she would return to Meadsley by the road, she bade the landlord good evening.

"Joe!" screamed Mrs. Smith from the kitchen, where she was mending hose by the fading sunlight, "Joe, who be that?"

Receiving no reply, and possessing a fair share of the curiosity maliciously said to be peculiar to her sex, Mrs. Smith, with her work drawn over her arm, came to learn for herself with whom her spouse had been conversing.

Joe, who was not without a latent sense of the beautiful, had been gazing admiringly at the receding form of the young lady, but turned on his wife's approach to answer her query. As he did so he perceived the approach of a new comer, and Marian was forgotten.

Plodding slowly from the Dovor-road, and plagued by two of the gypsy children, who were vainly whining out appeals for a ha'penny, only a ha'penny, came a middle-sized, hard-featured, yet not uncomely woman, dressed in decent mourning. Although her years must have been nearly threescore, and her face was tanned as if with exposure to hotter climates, she was erect and healthy, with a keen light in the grey eyes now bent angrily on the unfortunate beggars, of whom her determined refusals at last relieved her.

"Why, save us, Nance it's Peggy Grant," muttered Joe Smith to his wife, as the woman drew nearer to the Wyvern. "Ye know, don't ye? Miss Moncton's maid as was."

Mrs. Smith, who rarely quitted her own dwelling, and never found much time for gossiping, looked doubtfully at the stranger to whom her husband was now nodding with a cheerful, "How be ye, missis? How be ye? Hot times for walking, eh?"

Meyer von Bremen

HOMELESS.

Mrs. Grant glanced towards the bench beneath the porch, as if strongly tempted to stop and rest, then shaking off the dust that had gathered on her dress, answered with a strong Scottish accent—

"*Hot* did ye say, Maister Smith? 'Deed is it, and no sae clean as it micht be. I'm amaist pouthered with the dust. I'll no be fit to show mysel' in the toun."

"Come in, come in," cried Smith hospitably, "and the missis 'll lend ye a brush. Gosh! who'd ha' thought o' your coming back to Meadsley afoot?"

Mrs. Grant drew herself up stiffly.

"I could ha' rode an' I liked, Maister Smith; but I wasna going to pay double fee for a railway ticket as they would ha' had me. There's little else but cheaterie in this warld. 'There's no third-class by this train,' the stucket-up chap at the office kept saying. 'I'd like to know where the differ was to him, whether I cam' noo or in the morning, so long as I paid my money honestly.'"

"And so you came by coach to—— and walked the rest? Well done, you!" exclaimed the landlord, who had a strong distaste himself for pedestrian exercise. "Nance, my lass, Mrs. Grant will be glad to go into the house wi' ye, and rest a bit."

"No, I'll not go in," the Scotch woman quickly answered. "I hae business to do in the toun this nicht, an' little time to spare. But I'll sit me doun here a wee bit till I'm cooled; and thank ye kindly if ye'll give me a cup of water.

Smith rubbed his nose and stood for a moment divided between scorn of Mrs. Grant's sober tastes and a disposition to be liberal for once, and offer the wayfarer a glass of his best ale.

"Water's poor stuff alone," he observed at last. "Won't ye have a dash of summut in it?"

"Poor stuff do ye call it?" she responded, as she dusted the bench with her handkerchief and turned up her dress preparatory to seating herself. "Ye would na say so if ye had been wi' the troops in Indie as I ha' been in Grant's life-time, an' known what it is to be parched wi' the drouth, an' not a drop to be had. Ye'd no call a draught of clean, wholesome water poor stuff then, my man."

But while Mr. Smith had been wavering, his brisker wife had trotted indoors, to return almost instantly with a cup of tea, at sight of which the thirsty traveller's puckered face relaxed into something approaching a smile.

"'Deed, ma'am, I thank ye," she said heartily. "Nay, it's no matter if it isn't of the hottest or the sweetest; it's sure to be unco' sweet to me joost now. It drinks nicely, Mrs. Smith."

As she sat deliberately sipping the tea, the landlord of the Wyvern seized the opportunity for a little gossip on a topic interesting to both.

"So the poor old lady's gone then. She didn't get no better for crossing the sea."

With a glance at the mourning she wore for an excellent, though whimsical mistress, the woman nodded gravely; and Mrs. Smith murmured, "Eh, dear! we must all go some time or other!" as she searched her pocket for her thimble, in order to finish her mending.

"That's true," her spouse assented. "And Miss Moncton was a good age, eh, Mrs. Grant?"

"Seventy-one years an' three months to a day," was the reply.

Joe Smith hemmed and shifted from one leg to the other before his curiosity found vent in another query; for the curt answers he received were not encouraging.

"She'll be leaving all she had to Muster Percy, I s'pose?"

Mrs. Grant deliberately rubbed a wet spot on her knee.

"I never heard her say as much to any one."

"Nay, now, ye needn't be so strange and close about it," laughed the landlord. "It's no secret in Meadsley. It's in every one's mouth there. She'd no other relation in the world, had she?"

"I dinna ken for certain whether Miss Moncton had other relations or no," Mrs. Grant cautiously answered. "Is it Mr. Percy Balfour himsel' that's telling the folks he'll hae Miss Moncton's lands and monies? He's no but a cousin's son, after a', and she had a right to do what she liked with her ain."

"Surely she had, surely she had!" Joe pacifically conceded, for the woman spoke sharply, as though she resented the idea of the heir-presumptive anticipating her mistress's intentions. "I'm not saying otherwise, ye know, Mrs. Grant."

"Is it Mr. Percy that's set it aboot that he'll hae Miss Moncton's money?" she queried again, with her keen eyes fixed on the perplexed face of the landlord.

Joe Smith was non-plussed, and driven to speak sober truth. "Be darned if I know. I ha' n't never heard him, nor he aint the sort o' young chap to trouble himself much about such matters. It wer' the talk in Meadsley as soon as the news come that the old lady wer' dead, but I can't tell who set it a going."

"But ye spoke as if ye'd heard more than joost the idle chatter of the gossips," said Mrs. Grant, still regarding him suspiciously.

"I wish I hadn't named it at all," he answered, beginning to grow testy. "As long as I can pay my rent, it's no odds to me who holds the property. When I can't do that I must go, let who will be landlord. But Mr. Balfour will ha' it, won't he? I heerd Mr. Darwin, the lawyer, tell Squire Brett in the market-house 'tother day, that he'd heerd as how the old lady made a new will after she went to—to—dang them forrin names, they won't stay by me!—a new will, but he hadn't got it yet."

Mrs. Grant set down the empty cup, examined a crease in her skirt, and then slowly rose, saying, with significance, "Mayhap Mr. Darwin will be having the will sooner than he looks for it. Here's sixpence for the tea, mistress. Nay, but take it; I will na be beholden to any one while I can meet my own expenses."

In taking out her money, which she invariably carried for safety in the bosom of her dress, Mrs. Grant had drawn from the same receptacle a small packet, carefully sealed and directed, and this she laid aside, while with the precision that marked all her movements, she closed and put back her purse, after which the packet was also restored to its hiding place.

Mrs. Smith, whose long needle had been swiftly running in and out her work during this colloquy, now commented upon it.

"Well, I'll be main sorry if Mr. Balfour doesn't have the property. He'd be a good landlord, he 'ood, and marry and settle down in the place, and bring trade into it. He's a girt deal better-looking, aye, and better-hearted, too, than half them as give themselves more airs. He's always got a pleasant word for everybody, Mr. Balfour has."

Mrs. Grant was provokingly silent, though it was evident that her late mistress's bequests were no secret to her; and a conviction of this knowledge moved Joe to enquire if she were now going to Mr. Balfour.

"Na, na," she cried hastily, "I'll no care to see him to-night; my news is none so pleasant but what it will keep till the morning."

The husband and wife looked at each other when they heard this. Was she really the bearer of bad tidings to the frank, handsome young fellow, whom half Meadsley was courting in the belief that he had inherited a fortune?

"I suppose you'll be staying in the town altogether now ye've come back?" Smith observed, not venturing to question her directly.

"I don't know where I'll go nor what I'll do when my errand's over," she answered with a sigh; "I'm a bit lost like without the poor mistress. Any ways, I'll go get me a bed with my old friend, Janet Donaldson, over right the huxter's shop in the North-street; and so good night to ye both."

"She's going by the footpath," said Mrs. Smith, as she stood in the porch watching her visitor's departure. "It's an unked (lonely) way to choose now the sun's fairly down."

"Chut!" replied Joe, spinning the sixpence he had received for the tea. "Them old army women ain't afeared o' nothin'! Didn't ye hear her say how she'd been to Ingy in her young days? Maybe that's where Miss Moncton took up wi' her, for I've been told as she were an Ingy lady born."

"She'll have it dark long afore she gets into the town," said Mrs. Smith, casting another glance in the direction the woman had taken, before rolling up her work and going into the house. "I wouldn't have her walk for a good deal."

"Nay, she steps it well; she's out o' sight a'ready." And Joe followed a customer in doors, not to spare his wife the trouble of serving him, but to tell the tale of Peggy Grant's return to Meadsley, and repeat the little that had been gleaned from the reserved woman.

Night came at last, and was chased from the skies by a morning as fair and sunny as the landlord of the Wyvern had predicted; and Farmer Brown himself led the band of mowers that attacked the mead-row, levelling swathe after swathe of the sweet-scented and abundant crop.

Towards noon the heat became intense, and the mowers thirsty; but the farmer was liberal, both with his own home-brewed and his orders in the Wyvern, and many were the jests and jibes levelled at Temperance Tommy, a hale old countryman, who persisted in quaffing water. But the old man only laughed with them, merrily flinging back their sarcasms as he went to the brook to fill the stone bottle his frequent draughts had emptied.

A strange, wild shout was heard from the copse on the brink of the stream, in whose shadow the old man had disappeared, and the sweep of the scythes was stayed.

Farmer Brown, who was eating his lunch in the shade of a tree, started to his feet, and everyone's looks were directed towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

Two or three of the men, seized with a fear that their comrade had fallen into the water, started away to help him; but ere anyone could reach the copse, he came hurrying frantically towards them, his ruddy face pale and distorted, and his limbs shaking as though he were suddenly stricken with palsy.

His companions pressed around him and questioned him. Was he ill? Had he trodden upon an adder? The only answer they received was a shuddering gasp, and the pointing of his trembling hands towards the stream.

There was a rush to the spot, and the next minute Farmer Brown and his awe-stricken mowers were looking down into the clear, deep waters of the brook—looking down upon the drawn and ghastly features of a woman!

### CHAPTER II.

MARIAN AT HOME.

The house of Mr. Darwin, the solicitor in the High-street of Meadsley, was a comfortable, square, red-brick building, with a paved court shaded by some lime trees in front, and a large old-fashioned garden in the rear.

The windows of the breakfast parlour looked into this garden; and the room was fragrant with the scent of flowers, and bright with sunshine, when Marian Esmond, rosy and fresh from her bath and toilette, came into it, to pour out coffee and butter toast for her brother-in-law. Mrs. Darwin's health was indifferent, and induced a want of punctuality annoying to a man of business habits; consequently her young sister had been inducted into these duties as soon as she left the excellent private school in which she had been educated.

There was no one in the room when Marian entered, but an ancient fixture in the Darwin establishment, an elderly man, who, in spite of some deficiency of intellect, had long held the post of clerk to the solicitor, whom he revered as the most remarkable man in Meadsley.

Mr. John—if he had another cognomen it had so completely fallen into disuse as to be quite forgotten—sat near one of the windows, blinking his little round eyes at the sunshine, which poured down upon his bald head, but without appearing to dream of moving his chair to a shadier place.

Mr. John was very short and very rotund, two qualities which greatly inconvenienced him at this moment, for the large book of devotion, with which, according to matutinal custom, he was engaged persisted in sliding off his knees; added to this, his ears were tormented by the shrill piping of Marian's canary, which trilled an extempore accompaniment to the morning hymns, Mr. John was singing in tones as shrill, though decidedly not so musical. It was ludicrous to see the appealing looks the singer cast at the cage, which, however, he made no attempt to transfer to the nail outside the window, where it generally hung in fine weather. The bump of suggestiveness was certainly among the missing ones on Mr. John's oddly-shaped pericranium.

Dropping his pudgy finger on the last word he had read, he looked up as the door opened; for one of his self-imposed duties was to watch for Mr. Darwin's appearance, and ring directly for the coffee, &c., to be brought in. His face brightened as Marian gave him a smiling good morning, for in his simple fashion he loved her. The kindly nature that bore with his peculiarities, set him right when he was perplexed, and rarely joined in a laugh against him, might not be thoroughly understood, but Mr. John was able to comprehend that she befriended him; and his was the dog-like fidelity that clung tenaciously to the hand that caressed him.

"'Morning, Miss Polly. I'm in trouble again," he said, rubbing his bald head with a force that made it shine again."

"Anything very serious this time?" asked Marian.

"Serious! I should think so. I've made a mistake in my dates.—Oh, do be quiet, Dicky!" an appeal to which the bird responded by fluttering its wings and warbling louder than before. "I've been reading the portion for the thirteenth morning instead of the twelfth. What am I to do when I get to the end of the month and find myself a day short?"

"Wouldn't it be possible to turn back and read those pages to-morrow which you have missed to-day?" suggested Marian, with all due gravity.

Mr. John's round, unmeaning features gradually cleared.

"To be sure, Miss Polly, to be sure. How very odd that I never thought of it! Thank you. If that dreadful bird would but be quiet, I should be all right now.

But the reader had scarcely settled his short legs on another chair, and safely propped up his book, when a step was heard approaching, and this sound brought him hastily to his feet, and the volume once again to the floor.

"There! that's Mr. Darwin coming," he

whispered as he hurried to the bell and pulled it vigorously. "He's coming, and I know that Diogenes of a girl hasn't got the eggs ready. I'm always trying to impress upon her that punctuality is the greatest of feminine virtues, but she's as stupid and obstinate as an Egyptian owl."

Not content with the peal he had been ringing, the fussy little man rushed off to the kitchen, where wordy combats frequently occurred; he reproaching the cook with inattention to his master's requirements, and she, with equal acrimony, resenting his interference, and the queer epithets he was accustomed to hurl at her.

Mr. Darwin, the highly respected solicitor of Meadsley, stepped into the room as Mr. John bustled away, and with uplifted eyebrows glanced at Marian as if to say, "you see this silly fellow will commit all kinds of follies out of affection for me;" and Marian smiled responsively; for though Mr. John's quarrels with the servants were the occasion of much annoyance, she could understand how his steady diligence and jealous watchfulness over his employer's interests made the old clerk invaluable. Others were less tolerant of Mr. John's eccentricities, and it was one of the standing marvels of the Meadsleyites that a clever, far-seeing man like Mr. Darwin retained him in his office.

Mr. Darwin, as usual, had his hands full of papers to be glanced through while he breakfasted. As he sorted them he briefly answered Marian's inquiries for her sister, by saying that Letty had slept badly, and would not rise for an hour or two.

"She must be ill. I will go to her!" the young girl affectionately exclaimed; but he motioned to her to resume her seat.

"Don't make yourself uneasy. There is nothing the matter, and I have asked Rachel to take her a cup of tea. I was to tell you she would try and sleep.

"And you, Godfrey, are you feeling the worse for a restless night? You are not looking well," said Marian; then coloured and felt disconcerted by the quickness with which her brother-in-law raised his head and regarded her, as if he were somewhat distrustfully endeavouring to guess at her thoughts.

"I am very well," he curtly answered, and betook himself to his letters, nor did the embarrassed girl venture to break the silence that ensued. Although never entrusted with the matrimonial secrets of her relatives, and satisfied that their mutual affection was sincere, she had long associated some difference of opinion, some hidden trouble, with the saddened air and swollen eyes with which Mrs. Darwin frequently appeared after one of these excuses.

And now Mr. John returned, breathless but triumphant over his adversary, the cook, whose tardiness on this particular morning had given him an advantage. He subsided as soon as he saw his chief's pre-occupation, and stealing with clumsy precaution into his own place, sat attentive to Mr. Darwin's every movement. Whenever he succeeded in catching his eye, he started up to hand him something, looking seriously concerned when his patron, who tacitly accepted everything he offered, pushed eggs, ham, and rolls away untasted, and quite oblivious that his own coffee was growing cold the while.

It was irksome work to Marian to sit there silently ministering to the wants of the twain, but she was accustomed to it, and endured the dull, tedious meal heroically, only testifying her relief by a long breath when Mr. Darwin glanced at his watch and began gathering his papers together.

"You'll answer those circulars according to my directions, Mr. John, and finish copying that lease by the evening, if you can."

"Certainly, sir, certainly, I'll attend to it directly." And the busy clerk, who had just opened his second egg, dropped his spoon and pushed back his chair.

"Won't you finish your breakfast first?" asked Marian, demurely.

He looked dubious for a moment, then, with a nod, made answer, "Ha, to be sure; it would be as well, eh, Miss Polly? But don't wait for me."

Thus released, Marian ran after her brother-in-law. "One moment, Godfrey. I have a note here from Mrs. Lacey. She begs me to go to her directly. I suppose she is in some little difficulty. Do you think I may leave Letty without seeming unkind?"

"Letty is very well. Go to Mrs. Lacey by all means, but first let me say a few words to you. Phew, how hot the house is! Come into the garden."

He led the way through a sash door, and, with his hands folded behind him and chin on his breast, as if debating some intricate question, began to pace up and down one of the gravel walks. At first, Marian, who had blushed and looked conscious, paced beside him, but presently, growing provoked at his silence, she paused and leaned against the pedestal of a vase, waiting till he chose to speak. But still he paced on and never missed her. How tedious, how indifferent he appeared, while she stood trembling and panting on the verge of the greatest epoch of a woman's life! Would he never take pity on her, and tell her what she was longing yet dreading to hear?

"Have you forgotten me, Godfrey?" she demanded at last; and with a start he raised his head, and slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket.

"I beg your pardon, child. I merely wished to let you know that Mr. Balfour will be here directly. I have promised to devote half-an-hour to him this morning, but I suppose you know more about his errand than I can tell you. Will you stay at home to hear the result of our interview?"

Marian recovered her composure while he was speaking, and quietly said that she preferred going to Mrs. Lacey's. She was disappointed and indeed hurt by the cold business-like manner of her brother-in-law, on an occasion of such vital importance to her. He had long stood in the place of her parents, and she had been dutiful if not positively affectionate to him; yet he was careless and abrupt, just as she yearned for him to evince some kindly interest in the future opening before her.

With a nod and a careless "As you please, my dear," Mr. Darwin let the note slip back into his pocket and went away, and Marian ran upstairs for her hat and mantle.

"I could not stay quietly at home," she said to herself, "while he may be torturing Percy with inquiries as to what prospects he will have if Miss Moncton has not bequeathed him anything; neither could I bear to meet Percy's grieved looks if my good brother-in-law considers it his duty to advocate a long probation. Why should we wait? Letty and Godfrey were poor enough when they married; but as soon as people begin to make money they grow excessively prudent, and strongly oppose any disposition in others to follow their example. Hateful money! is there no happiness in the world but what it purchases?"

Marian Esmond saw no incongruity between her denunciation of the golden current and her satisfied glance at the well-dressed figure her glass presented, but went briskly away to walk through Meadsley to her friend's pretty villa on the outskirts of the town.

Mrs. Lacey was a young widow, with two roley-poley children, a fair competence, and a fund of indolent good-humour that made her a general favourite. Everyone liked Mrs. Lacey, simply because she never interfered with their prejudices, or combatted their opinions, although it would have been difficult to find any living creature for whom she had done a really kind or generous deed. Like all indolent people, she was exacting, and in the habit of making urgent appeals to her acquaintances for their aid whenever anything threatened to ruffle the placidity of her domestic life. To Marian Esmond these appeals were most frequently addressed—partly because the young girl had few home duties to prevent her compliance with them, and partly because her energy and decision of character saved Mrs. Lacey an infinite deal of trouble.

According to her hastily-scrawled note, the lady would be miserable till Marian arrived, but her anxieties had not interfered with her enjoyment of an excellent breakfast, over the remains of which she was still lounging when her visitor entered.

Both her plump hands were extended, and her pretty face beamed with smiles.

"My dearest love, how kind of you! I was just beginning to despair of your coming, and wondering what on earth I should do."

"Send for some one else of course," cried Miss Esmond as soon as she could extricate herself from the sticky embraces of the children who left the sugar basin on the floor to run and welcome her. "What is the matter? Is Pug dead, or has the macaw taken flight again?"

THE CUT FINGER.

Mrs. Lacey sank back in her cushioned chair with a gentle sigh, "Oh, Marian, don't jest, dear! You don't know what trouble I am in. My poor husband's brother—the colonel in India. You have heard me speak of him."

A hundred times, thought Marian, but she only said, "Not dead I hope, dear Mrs. Lacey."

"No love, but wounded dreadfully in some shocking revolt of the natives. How careless not to keep them in better subjection, isn't it?—don't pull pussy's tail so hard, Nina darling; she might scratch you—and he's coming home to me to be nursed, Marian dear. Such a hero!" I quite long to introduce him to you. How lively it will make us this summer to have a Chevalier in regimentals for an escort. I must give a *fête* Champetre, or a pic-nic, or something of that sort in his honour, mustn't I? Nothing formal and troublesome; only croquet on the lawn, and light tea, and a dance afterwards.

"Then Colonel Lacey is recovering, and has obtained leave of absence, I presume?"

"Yes, dear; didn't I tell you so? Do you think I might invite those daughters of the organist? I half promised them that they should come to my next party, and you'll talk to them for me, won't you?"

"Was it to ask me this question that you sent for me in such a hurry?" inquired the amused Marian.

"My dear! as if I should have disturbed you at such an early hour without actual cause. Why, I wrote that note in bed because it slipped my memory last night. Haven't I explained to you that the Colonel is coming here?"

"Yes; but when?"

"Aye, that constitutes my great perplexity; for Maria says the best bed furniture is in the wash, and I think the window curtains ought to be changed for thicker ones, for East Indians are always so chilly, arn't they?"

"Are you expecting your guest to arrive this week?" asked Marian, keeping steadily to the point.

Mrs. Lacey lifted her eyebrows with an air of distress, and began to turn over the contents of a card basket. "This week! why he may be here this very day for aught I know to the contrary. I cannot think what can have become of the letter; it might have been here two or three days before I read it, for there are always so many petitions and circulars and so on, that I am often obliged to let them lie till some charitable creature drops in and looks them over and answers them for me; but it must be here somewhere; it is dated—let me see—ah! I have no head for dates; but I know that he has landed in England, and is to come to Meadsley as soon as he has recovered from the fatigues of the journey. Popsies!" she appealed to the children, "can either of you find uncle's letter for poor worried mamma?"

"Never mind it," interposed Marian, to prevent what was almost safe to be a fruitless search. "If Colonel Lacey's arrival is so close at hand, I had better stay for an hour or two and help you prepare for him."

"Will you, dear? how kind!" said Mrs. Lacey, lying back in her chair and folding her hands. "I don't know how I should get on without you, Marian. You shall give directions, and I will carry them out. We will go upstairs presently and decide about those curtains. I cannot help thinking how attractive my house will be when it contains a hero. I am sorry for the sake of the Meadsley belles that he is neither young nor very handsome."

But Marian had scarcely stayed for the end of this harangue. To her hospitable disposition the idea of a guest coming off a long voyage, and finding nothing ready for his reception, would be unpardonable; and imbuing Mrs. Lacey's maids with some of her own feeling on the subject, she persuaded them to commence the arrangement of the rooms the Colonel was to have without delay.

Mrs. Lacey played awhile with her children, then slowly followed upstairs, admiring and commending her dear Marian's energetic proceedings, and even professing to assist her; but as she required frequent rests, and always contrived to plant herself in some one's way, Miss Esmond felt strongly tempted to wish her back in her easy chair.

Presently the rolling of wheels was heard on the carriage drive, followed by a sharp rat-tat, and Marian, who with hammer and tacks was perched on a pair of steps arranging drapery, jumped down in dismay.

"Just as I expected," she muttered. "How very provoking."

Even Mrs. Lacey was stirred into starting up and exclaiming, "Good gracious, if it should be the Colonel, and I in my dressing-gown and papillotes!"

Marion shrugged her shoulders.

"The odious things! Why, will you wear them? But never mind, it is a brother, not a stranger, you are about to welcome. Go and receive him, and trust to me to make everything ready here."

After another woeful glance in the looking-glass at the shapeless object to which her *dishabille* reduced her, Mrs. Lacey consented to go downstairs, and her brisk coadjutor had remounted the steps, and was hammering away, to the imminent danger of her pretty fingers, when she heard her own name wildly ejaculated!

"Oh, Marian, Marian, do come to me! Oh: what shall I—shall I do?"

The affrighted servants gazed at each other, and Miss Esmond, paling herself with alarm, rushed from the room. What had—what could have happened?

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE
# Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Lily of Cloudesley Vale," &c.

### CHAPTER I.
#### IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The morning mist was rising like a thin veil from the lawns and dales and woodland glades of Ashleigh Grange, disclosing as lovely a panoramic view as could be found in the whole county of Kent.

The sun, in its early glory, lit up, like a silver pathway, a rippling stream, which meandered through a verdant vale of the wide domain which for years had been the pride of the Ashleighs.

Here and there stood out stately knolls of fine old trees, with occasional deer browsing placidly around them; while beyond arose, in forest-like density, oaks, elms, and chestnuts, in all their full beauty of foliage. Birds were singing and flitting from bough and bush; larks were carolling high over head; and everything seemed to breathe of peace and happiness around.

All this was in the wide and well-kept park of Ashleigh Grange. In the distance stood the mansion itself—a fine old building in the Elezebethan style. As the morning sun shone full upon it, a score or more of bright reflections from numerous windows and out-spreading green-houses seemed dancing around it; and a passing tourist would have said, "the owner of Ashleigh Grange must indeed be a happy man."

But let us enter the mansion, cross the broad hall, and pass up the wide staircase, and we are at once in a region of quietness—the quietness almost of death.

We pause for a moment, and peer through the gloom. The windows lighting up the corridors give forth a yellow brown hue, instead of refulgent brightness; for we perceive that the blinds have not been drawn up, though the sun for several hours has been rising in the heavens.

There is a low murmur of voices within side a chamber, the door of which we are passing. Let us noiselessly enter and try to fathom out the mystery of the gloom within, as contrasted with the glorious brightness without.

Asmodeus-like, and in a moment, we are standing in a spacious bed-room. Here, too, the windows are partly darkened, and instinctively we know we are in a chamber of sickness and sorrow.

"Has the mail-bag arrived yet, Mina?" murmurs a trembling voice, which sounds as though it had once been deep, harsh, and cruel.

"I think not, uncle," was the gentle response. "It is barely eight o'clock."

"How long the time seems," mutters the first speaker feverishly and impatiently; "and yet how soon it will have no significance for me."

He turned restlessly as he spoke, the cheek showing a hectic tinge, his lips twitching nervously, his whole frame seeming to be convulsed with emotion.

A very old worn man it was, who lay stricken thus to death.

Hard and cruel, proud as the rest of the name now gone and half forgotten, he, too, had reached the end of his life—was fast hastening to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

He had made no friends—had lived and planned as though his property were a part of himself, every year becoming more rich and prosperous, with no use for his hoarded wealth—no chance for its enjoyment.

But all these things were passing from his grasp now.

He looked sharply and eagerly at a young girl attentively hovering around him. Now she bends over him tenderly, and smooths his pillows, he the while watching her with keen, scrutinising glances.

As he marked the last act of her gentle solicitude, he noted the set piteous look on the patient features, and he groaned aloud, for he knew right well how little stood between him and the Great Unknown.

"So the letters have not come, Mina," he murmured, resuming the thread of thought that had been momentarily broken, "I wonder if Reginald will write? He must make haste, or it will be too late—too late," he added slowly.

He plucked at the coverlet with trembling fingers, and the young girl, with a sudden movement, knelt by the side of the bed, and took one of the thin hands.

"Uncle Philip," she said impressively, "dear uncle, let me say one word to you now. You know," she continued, with trembling earnestness, "how often I have pleaded for Cousin Philip. Let me speak for him once again, uncle. Do see him; hear his justification from his own lips; do not condemn him unheard—it seems so cruel, so unjust."

She stopped here, and buried her face in the counterpane, tightening her nervous grasp upon the thin hand she held, as if to stay its firm clasp.

For a little while there was silence, saving the young girl's suppressed sobs, the old man's quick, gasping breathing, and the monotonous ticking of the ormolu clock standing on the mantel-piece.

These alone were the only audible sounds in that large, well-furnished, but comfortless chamber.

Then presently, with forced calmness and firm unfaltering voice, Philip Ashleigh spoke.

"Get up, Mina," he said, "and sit here close by my side. Let me look at you, girl, that I may see *you* do not mock me and play the hypocrite with the rest."

With a shrinking movement, as though the speech had been a blow, Mina drew a chair by the bed side, and waited for the words that the dying man was to speak.

They came at last; and, oh! how they sank into the young girl's heart.

"I think you have been true to me, Mina," he commenced thoughtfully—"have had no thought, no hope beyond the present."

"I—I——"

"Do not interrupt me," said the old man, sternly, and the effort almost exhausted him.

Mina's only response was a little tighter pressure of her uncle's hand.

"I think," he falteringly continued, "if I fancied you too had built upon my death—though you are my only sister's child—I should find it in my heart to hate you."

"Uncle," returned the girl in impulsive surprise, and with cheeks aflame, "what hope had I, an orphan, a dependant—what claim upon you that has not been amply paid by the home you have provided for me these many years past?"

"Aye," he resumed, "you were but a child when you crossed my threshold, and now, as I cross it for the last time, I leave you a woman grown. You have been very good to me," he continued softly, "and you will find I have not quite forgotten *you*. But for Philip——"

"Aye, for Philip!" interposed Mina, her eyes brightening as she spoke. "For Philip, uncle—for your favourite boy—the lad you were so proud of once—who was to you all the world; what of him, dear uncle?"

He set his teeth hard ere he replied; and then the words were almost hissed from the white lips.

"For that man," he said sternly, "a profligate, a spendthrift, a gambler—one utterly lost to everything that is decent, to say nothing of what is good and pure—for Philip, my son," and here he seemed as though in the act of grinding his teeth—"for my son, you ask? Hear it then: my curse—my bitter curse."

"Uncle!" she cried out, "forbear, remember!"

"I do remember!" resumed the old man furiously—"only too well. As I lay here, Mina, in pain and suffering, trying hard as heaven hears me, to forgive him for the disgrace he has brought upon the old name—for the hundred and one deceits and dissipations that has made him a byword to all respectable, honest men—I cannot; for to me he has dealt the bitterest blow of all."

"Oh! say not so, say not so," exclaimed the girl, soothingly.

"Hark ye, Mina," he proceeded, "what of a man who speculated upon his parent's death—who, after he had exhausted all falsehoods and fraud in order to raise money, told a cunning story of his father's death-bed to his oldest and most trusted friend—tried to trade upon his parent's last breath—what of such a man as this?"

"Uncle," she said, hurriedly, "it cannot be. Surely, Philip has never sunk so low as this—no, no! I know his disposition far too well."

"You do not," returned her uncle; then, after a moment's pause, added, "There, Mina, do not speak of it again; but—but—just reach me that desk from the table, and read the letter I will give you. Read it to yourself, my girl; to hear it again would drive me mad!"

Slowly and reluctantly the girl rose from her seat, passed over to the table, and brought the desk to his bedside.

Philip Ashleigh opened the lid with unsteady hands, and took from within it a letter, which he handed to his niece.

"Read, Mina, read," he muttered, in a half-choked voice; "that letter was written by my son, Philip."

Once through Mina read the words in wondering reproach.

Then her cheeks and neck died crimson with shame.

For a moment she sat, her eyes widely opened, gazing fixedly on the cruel and heartless words before her.

Then, mechanically, she folded the letter up, replaced it in its receptacle, and carried the desk back to its former position upon the table.

Slowly, thoughtfully, noiselessly, she returned to her uncle's side. His hands were covered over his face, and she could not see his features,

(*Continued on page 8.*)

# The Broken Heart.

"Jane!" It was a faint, low voice that spoke, and Jane bent over her mother's bed to hear the words. "Jane, I don't think that the telegram can reach your father in time. I don't think he'll get here. Be a good child. Listen to me, and try to remember. I am going to die."

Others had told Jane this before. She choked down her sobs and listened as quietly as she could.

"You're a very smart child, Jane. You've always noticed how I did. Nancy is the best of servants, but you know she can't take my place with your papa. You must do it, Jane; he needs to be looked after. He seems hearty, but I know he ain't really strong, and I don't know how he's to get along. You must take care of him, Jane. May be he'll die of grief. But, if he don't, you'll always take care of him."

"Oh," said Jane, "how much better all of us to die together!"

"That won't be," said the mother; "and he'll miss me so! Promise, Jane—not for a while, but for your life. When you are a grown girl, and have beau and offers, don't leave him for any young fellow that comes along. Then he'll begin to need you. He'll be getting old, Hiram will. You'll stay in his house and keep it, and pet him as I've done. Won't you promise, Jenny?"

"Yes, yes, I promise, I promise," said little Jane, "But don't die, mamma."

"If God only would let me live!" sighed the poor mother. "If it only was His will! but I don't think it is. I wanted to see you grow up, And I don't know how Edmond is to be comfortable without me."

She covered her face—a plain face enough at any time—the sort of face you may see any day in any English country village, and worn and hollow-cheeked now—with her thin hand, and shed a few tears. Then she drew Jenny close to her.

"The key of my desk is round my neck, on a ribbon," she said. "Give it to father, when he comes. All his letters are there. There's a bit of his hair before it turned grey, tied with ribbon. And there's the rose he gave me the first night he kissed me. You cut off a lock of my hair now. He always has thought a great deal of my hair. Give it to him when he comes."

Little Jane brought the scissors and clipped off the long brown tress. She understood very well what all this meant, but she did not relinquish hope, as an older person would have done. It seemed to her that God would never be so cruel to her as to so rob her of her dear mamma; that some miracle would happen even at the last.

She put the long tress away as she was bid, and the mother and daughter held each other fast in an embrace.

Far out along the quiet country they heard the long-drawn shriek of a steam whistle.

"It's the five o'clock train," said the mother. "He'll come by that, if he got the telegram in time. It's been raining, hasn't it, Jane?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Make sure he changes his shoes. He's very delicate, your father is."

Those were the last words Margaret Lunn ever uttered. She was dead before her husband reached his home.

Poor little Jane! her mother's very image, with a strange, impassioned love for her father, which was born in her, struggled with her own bitter grief for her father's sake. She did her best to make him comfortable, and she told old Nancy over and over again of her promise to her dead mother. Never would she leave papa—never, though she grew to be a woman, and had lovers by the score.

For his part the father seemed to cling to Jane very fondly. They were always together, when he was at home, and he talked to her much as he had talked to his wife about his affairs and the things of the outer world.

So time passed on, and grass grew upon the mother's grave, and Jane shot up tall and slender and womanly, and at sixteen looked to be eighteen at the very least. Still papa was her idol; still she was ever at his side; still, in all her talks to old Nancy, she spoke of spending her life in taking care of him.

And now old Nancy shook her head, and smiled to herself, for there had come to Jane that first episode of womanhood—a lover. He was a handsome, brown young farmer, and to him Jane was beautiful; she was fresh, and wholesome, and pleasant, but not beautiful to any one else. His eyes saw wonderful things in her face, and his heart had need of her. He courted her in simple country fashion, and the whole little world knew that he "wanted her." He was rich, as farmers go, and his big farmhouse was empty of any womankind.

It was an excellent match, so people said, for both they and Nancy believed that it would be a settled thing before long. No one understood Jane, comprehended her fidelity, her passionate love for the father whose six feet of healthy, middle-aged manhood had been given into her charge. Nobody could have believed that Jane honestly conceived it to be her mission to take care of papa, who was quite capable of taking care of a dozen little women like herself, who had grown portlier of late, and had taken to dressing more elegantly, and who looked much handsomer than when, in the lazy dowdiness of morning-gown and slippers, regardless of "the girls," he lounged about the house after business hours.

Jane was dreadfully proud of papa, and gloried in his fine looks; but she could not be brought to believe that he could keep himself from catching cold without her assistance.

No, never would she leave papa; yet her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew brighter when the young fellow who loved her came to her side. She felt tender to him. She thought him charming, only not equal to papa.

It is nothing to tell a life in a country village. The ordinary church-going and tea visits; the housewife's duties; the occasional walks home through the pleasant lanes; a kiss or two; a dream or two put aside for loving duty's sake. This going on for nearly a year, until Jane acknowledged to herself that she liked Reuben very much, and that if mamma had lived she might have married him. Until at last there came a time when papa, with carpet bag and travelling plaid, had gone away upon the train for four whole weeks, and Reuben finding Jane for once her own mistress, finished up his courting.

To him, ever after, those four weeks seemed the happiest of all his life. Toward their end he spoke. It was on the moonlighted porch, and the air was full of the scent of the evening primroses. And he drew his chair close to hers, and said:

"Jane, when will you marry me?"

Even in the white light he saw her turn paler, and there was silence for a moment, and then she answered:

"Reuben, I can't marry any one. I must take care of papa."

He laughed aloud.

"Your father don't need your care—a hale, hearty, middle-aged man. He's able to take care of himself, you little goose. He would say so, I know. If he was old and broken down, or lame or deaf or blind, why, then——"

"Of course papa is young yet," said Jane, "but I promised poor mamma, and I love papa too much to leave him."

"Don't you love me at all, Jenny?" said Reuben.

He took her hand. She looked at him frankly.

"Yes," she said, "but not that way; not enough to leave papa."

"I've been making a fool of myself for a year then," said Reuben. "Oh, Jenny, you knew I liked you. Jenny, dear, let me ask your father for you."

Then she stood up before him, and took her hand away.

"I'm not saying what I don't mean," she said. "I think I would feel differently if mamma had lived; but it's not a thing to change my mind about now. Until I die I belong to papa."

Reuben was very angry then, and said bitter things—called her a jilt; told her that not papa but some one else had come between them, and strode away down the road at last, leaving her in tears.

When he was gone she knew that much of life's gladness had gone with him; but she did not falter. Her heart as well as her duty told her that her place was at home. So when she had dried her eyes she went into the house, and found old Nancy sitting by the kitchen window. The old woman did not look at her; she kept her eyes fixed on the garden without, but she spoke words that comforted Jane.

"Your father'll be coming home in two days now?"

"Yes, Nancy," and the girls' heart warmed. "Yes, Nancy. Oh, I shall be so glad. Home is not home without him."

"He's been away longer'n usual, ain't he. Jenny?" said the old nurse gravely. "Something particular took him, shouldn't you think?"

"It must be something particular to keep him from *me*," said Jane. "Oh, Nancy, there'll be such heaps of flowers out to-morrow. I'll make the whole house sweet with them."

"Yes," said the old woman. "Yes, it would be pretty suitable too. I—my dear, I—— Don't you feel to know something particular kept your father so long?"

The girl turned pale.

"Nancy," she screamed, "is papa ill? Do you know it? Nancy, Nancy, you said flowers were suitable. He isn't dead! Oh, Nancy!"

"My dearest dear," cried the old woman, "no, no, no. He's very well, I expect, but he left me to tell you, and it's a hard task. Your papa will bring some one home with him when he comes."

The poor girl, shaking still from her fright, tried to smile.

"Well, Nancy," she said, "the spare room is tidy. I like papa to have company."

"But this," said Nancy, "is a lady."

"A lady!" said Jane. "It must be papa's sister—my aunt, whom I have never seen. I shall——"

"Oh, Miss Jane," cried Nancy, "can't you understand? Your papa is married. He'll bring home a new wife."

Jane looked at her as though she thought her mad.

"Whoever told you that, told a falsehood," she said. "Mamma was papa's wife. He wouldn't do such a thing. Other men might; not dear papa."

"My dear," said Nancy, "your father isn't old, and I've known he was courting these six months, and he told me himself, and gave me this letter for you. Don't take it hard. They say she's a very nice young girl, just your age. She'll be company for you."

"Company for me!" cried Jane. "Do you know how I feel to her? I hate her—I hate her—I hate her! The wicked horrible woman. Where shall I go? Where shall I hide? I have no home any more. I have nobody—nothing. Oh, mamma! poor mamma!"

"Don't love," cried Nancy. "It's only natural for your papa to marry a second time. And you must kiss him, and kiss her, and wish 'em joy; and we'll get a splendid tea up, and you'll be friends with your new mamma. And some day you'll marry, yourself."

Jane looked at her bitterly.

"Marry!" she said. "I couldn't trust any one enough for that now."

Then she went upstairs, and went to bed. In the night she was taken ill, and was even light-headed, and talked to people who were not in the room, and said that her mamma stood weeping by the bed. But the next day she was better again. Old Nancy arranged the house, and filled the flower vases, but Jane took no hand in the work. She sat all day in the little arbour in the garden, doing nothing. She would not eat. Even the cup of tea Nancy carried to her was only tasted. She said that she was not ill, only her heart beat very fast, and she was weak.

But all the while the fact that her father had taken a new wife in her mother's place—that she herself, deceived and cheated, as she understood the case, had never held any real place in his heart, had never been necessary to him, seemed to be shouted into Jane's ears by some malicious unseen thing. It seemed to her that the world no longer held the being she had called her father. This who was coming home with his bride—who was he? How should she feel to him? Dull pains were in her heart, and in her head; her brain was on fire.

A pale, woeful face it was that the sun shone on, as she stood in her white dress at her father's door, on the day when he was to bring the new wife home. She could not have smiled had life depended upon it.

"Little fool" you may call her, but her crushed love and blighted trust and maddening jealousy were tragic; and when at last she saw a carriage driving up the road, they became too great for endurance. She strained her eyes toward it. It stopped at the gate. She saw her father descend. He helped a lady, young, beautiful and happy looking, to alight. Then he gave her his arm and led her through the gate, and there turned and gave her the husband's welcome-home kiss. Jane saw it. That kiss sealed her fate. She turned and fled through the wide hall, and out through a back door to a path that led toward the mill-pond. It was a quiet place, that she had loved dearly. Trees stood near its mirror-like expanse. Under them sweet shadows lurked even at noonday. Here, in her childhood, her mother had been fond of walking with her little girl. Jane stood looking into the water for five minutes, her heart beating madly, her head whirling. As in a looking-glass, she saw her own tall, slight form reflected. The delirium of the past night returned. She thought it was her mother whom she saw, and indeed she had grown very like her. She stretched out her arms. The image appeared to welcome her.

"Mother, I am coming," cried Jane, and sprang into the water.

They found her there next morning. If she had been jilted by a lover, any one would have said she drowned herself. As it was, it was only her father who had hurt her heart, and every one called her death an accident.

I think in his heart farmer Reuben believed that she had loved him, and regretted their quarrel. To this day he plants flowers upon her grave every spring. As for the father, he will always remember dutiful little Jane, but it has never entered his mind that he killed her. It is only one kind of love that the world fancies has power enough to break a heart.

# Lines to a Toad.

Blue dusk, that brings the dewy hours,
  Brings thee, of graceless form in sooth,
Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers,
  Flaccid, inert, uncouth.

Right ill can human wonder guess
  Thy meaning or thy mission here,
Gray lump of mottled clamminess,
  With that preposterous leer!

But when I meet thy dull bulk where
  Luxurious roses bend and burn,
Or some slim lily lifts to air
  Its frail and fragrant urn.

Of these, among the garden ways,
  So grim a watcher dost thou seem
That I, with meditative gaze,
  Look down on thee and dream

Of thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
  That squat in hideous dumb repose,
And guard the drowsy ladies in
  Their still seraglios! —*Edgar Fawcett.*

# The Illiterate Robber.

While sitting over our chocolate at Brignoon's *café*, the conversation turned upon robbers and robberies in the French metropolis, when one of our number, Jules Lafont, related the following:

A gentleman who had been out late on a very dark night was returning home with a lighted lantern in his hand, and while passing over the Pont Neuf he was accosted by a stranger in a manner so polite and so supplicating that he stopped without hesitation.

"You have a light," said the stranger, "and will perhaps do me the kindness to read for me this bit of paper which I have just picked up. It may be of consequence."

The gentleman held up his lantern and looked first upon the applicant, whom he found to be a strong-built, sinewy man, heavily bearded, and very respectably dressed. Then he took the paper, and, to his amazement, read as follows:

"When you have read this, speak not a word! Speak, and you die! Give to me your watch, your jewels, and your purse! Do this, and then silently depart, and you may live.—Beware!"

Daring robberies had recently been committed in Paris by bold and desperate men, and the gentleman had no doubt that he had met one of the fraternity. He had no weapon of defence with him, and not caring to jeopardise his life, he concluded it most prudent to follow the directions thus silently given, and accordingly he took out his watch and his purse, and removed his rings and his bosom-pin, and delivered them up, at the same time taking another careful survey of the stranger's face, so that he might recognise him should he ever after meet him. Having done this without opposition, he made his way over the bridge as rapidly as possible.

A week or more had elapsed, when one day, as the gentleman was standing upon the *Quai de la Conference*, he observed his robber friend of the Pont Neuf passing near at hand. Keeping the man in sight until he could call in the aid of the police he had him arrested and taken before a magistrate, and upon full representation by the gentleman of all the circumstances, and upon direct accusation of the robbery, he was sent to prison. When the robber was brought to the bar for trial he picked his teeth and stroked his beard very unconcernedly; and in answer to the indictment he pleaded not guilty *most assuredly*. The gentleman, who was the only witness of the fact against the prisoner, swore positively to the robbery and the identity of the person.

The prisoner made his own defence, and he did it with an ease and assurance to be found only in the most accomplished of his class.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "I confess that on the evening specified I did meet this gentleman on the Pont Neuf; and the scene, as he has related it, transpired between us. But, *ciel!* I had no evil thought. It is my misfortune not to be able to read. I had just picked up a bit of paper, and thinking it might be of importance, and seeing that the gentleman had a lighted lantern in his hand, I asked him to read it for me. I would have asked him what he had found, but before I could speak he pulled out his purse and his watch, and thrust them into my hands, and also forced upon me his finger rings and diamond pin. I was astounded. I thought him mad—perhaps he meant to jump from the parapet into the river—suicide. Was it the paper had caused this? Had it been meant for him? I was upon the point of questioning him when he turned and dashed away, leaving me, for the time, like one stupefied. When I recovered myself the thought flashed upon me that the paper might be of great value—some state secret, perhaps—and the stranger, wishing to keep it without question, had given me his valuables to get rid of me. *Ma foi!* I think it is I who have a right to complain. I would like justice for the useless excitement I have suffered."

Not a soul in court but believed the rascal was guilty; but no formal demand upon the gentleman for his money had been proved, and the man who could not read, but who could plead with the grace of a Foquet, was suffered to go free.

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A SON OF NATURE.—We, in England, with all our enthusiasm for natural history, have never been able to boast of a man who in this sense was so thoroughly a son of Nature as was the American poet-naturalist, Thoreau. Emerson, after a walk with him, wrote: "On the day I spoke of he looked for the menyanthes (bog-bean), detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of its florets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account, as a banker when his notes fall due. The cypripedium was not due until to-morrow. He thought, if he waked up from a trance in this swamp, that he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days."

# The Pioneer Preacher.

Peter Cartwright was one of those pioneer preachers, rough, ready, and bold, who assisted to save civilisation in the western wilderness of America.

His father was one of that great host of Virginia soldiers who, soon after the revolutionary army was disbanded, turned their faces wistfully toward Kentucky, then an outlying province of Virginia, where the most beautiful land in the world invited the pioneer.

About 1790, when Peter was a boy of five, two hundred Virginia families living on the banks of the James, emigrated in a body, guarded on the march by a band of one hundred young men, who gave their services in return for their daily rations. There were no roads for carriages, and all the goods of this numerous company had to be carried on pack-horses. Indians watched every train that wound its way through the woods. The boy could remember passing, almost every day of the march, scalped and blackened bodies of men murdered by the Indians.

One terrible night made a lasting impression on his mind. At the close of a dark and misty day, during which many Indians had been descried by the guard, they reached a spot called Camp Defeat, the scene of a recent horrid massacre of emigrant families. Gloom and terror possessed every mind. The camp was formed in the usual way—the women and children in the middle, then the horses and cattle securely tethered, and, outside of them, the elderly men and most of the fathers of families; while, away out at the edge of a circle of brushwood, were posted the hundred guards and a few of the younger and bolder married men.

Peter's father was one of those who stood in the outer ring of sentinels. Soon after taking his station he heard something moving towards him grunting like a pig, and soon he perceived a dark object approaching. He took aim and fired, and instantly the object, as Peter recounts, "flounced about at a terrible rate," and the sentinel ran into camp to give the alarm.

A torch was lighted, and he returned with some companions to the spot, where they found an Indian prostrate on the ground, with a rifle in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, and a ball from Cartwright's rifle in his brain. Few slept in the camp that night, and soon after dawn the company were glad to leave Camp Defeat behind them.

As they advanced farther into the bloody land, dangers thickened around them. Peter remembered one startling incident. A man came into camp with his mouth bleeding and his jaw broken, the sole survivor of a party of seven. These seven white men had been waylaid by seven Indians, and in the fight which ensued, all of the Indians were killed but two, and all the white ones but this one, who escaped by flight and stratagem, and made his way to the camp, the happiest man in the world.

All of Cartwright's company reached Kentucky in safety except seven families, who, when they were within seven miles of the first Kentucky settlement, being tired out with the march, stayed behind and encamped by themselves. In the course of the night, the Indians killed and scalped all of them but one man, who brought in the news.

How strange that there should be many persons still living in the Western country who took part in such scenes as these! How rapid has been the transformation!

Despite the dangers of the journey, the fertile lands of Kentucky abounding in game lured thousands of adventurous people; and, after many a bloody fight, the Indians were subdued. Then it seemed as if the conquerors had caught from the slaughtered red man something of his own lawless habits and savage disposition; and, besides this, there were so many murderers and thieves from the Eastern settlements as to form, in some counties, a majority of the people, who combined and bade defiance to all law and decency. This was the case in Logan county, where the Cartwrights lived. The honest people there also combined, and there were such fierce contests between the Rogues and the "Regulators" as almost amounted to civil war.

One court day, while Peter was still a boy, there was a desperate battle between the two bodies, with dirks, pistols, rifles, and clubs, in which many on both sides were killed and wounded. The Regulators at length were defeated and driven into the woods; but they rallied again, returned to the charge, and won such a victory over the ruffians that they were never formidable again.

Life, however, was still wild and rough; "no mill short of forty miles," as Peter records, and no schools worth the name. All the meat they had was killed in the woods, and they used to grind their corn in a pestle and mortar.

At a very early age the elder Cartwright gave his son two presents, which, as Peter remarks, "well-nigh proved his everlasting ruin;" namely, a race-horse and a pack of cards. He soon became a very successful gambler, and won a good deal of money, to the sore grief of his excellent mother. His race-horse, too, did not conduce to the sobriety of his life. But about this time the Methodist preachers began to roam through this Western wilderness, hurling denunciations at the riotous dissipation of frontier life, and urging such wild fellows as young Cartwright to repent of their evil courses. Peter attended their meetings, but long held out against their exhortations. At last his conscience was stricken, and his fears aroused; not at a meeting, but just after returning from a scene of revelry.

"In 1801," he relates, "when I was in my sixteenth year, my father, my eldest half-brother and myself attended a wedding about five miles from home, where there was a good deal of drinking and dancing, which was very common at marriages in those days. I drank little or nothing; my delight was in dancing. After a late hour in the night, we mounted our horses and started for home. I was riding my race-horse. A few minutes after we had put up the horses, and were sitting by the fire, I began to reflect on the manner in which I had spent the day and evening. I felt guilty and condemned. I rose and walked the floor. My mother was in bed. It seemed to me, all of a sudden, my blood rushed to my head, my heart palpitated; in a few minutes I turned blind; an awful impression rested on my mind that death had come, and I was unprepared to die."

The next morning he gave up his race-horse to his father, and asked him to sell it, and brought out his pack of cards from their hiding-place, and gave them to his mother, who joyfully threw them into the fire. Two years after, when he was eighteen years of age, he was a Methodist preacher, travelling an extensive circuit. With scarcely any education, his beard ungrown, and so young-looking that he was called "the boy preacher," he yet had the qualities demanded by the time and scene: namely, a clear, ringing voice, perfect faith in the doctrine he preached, flaming zeal, a brawny arm, and great courage.

If a rowdy disturbed one of his meetings, he was the man to go down into the congregation and put him out. Not once merely, but many times, he led the onslaught against a whole gang of rowdies. On one memorable occasion, the ruffians knocked down seven magistrates, several preachers, and a number of the brethren. They were carrying all before them, when the valiant Peter, who had been doing brave battle in another part of the field, put himself in front of the friends of order. Just then the ring-leader of the mob also came to the front, and made three attempts to knock him down, which Cartwright parried.

"The last time he struck at me," says Peter, "by the force of his own effort, he threw the side of his face toward me. It seemed at that moment I had not power to resist tempation, and I struck a sudden blow in the burr of the ear and dropped him to the earth."

Then the friends of order, inspired by this brilliant hit, rushed by hundreds on the mob, knocking them down in every direction. Thirty prisoners were taken, who were marched off to a vacant tent, and kept under guard till Monday morning, when they were brought before a magistrate and fined ten dollars each.

He was not less fearless in circumstances which sometimes try the nerves of men physically brave. He used to relate, in a graphic manner, his first acquaintance with Andrew Jackson. At Nashville, in 1816, when General Jackson, in the flush of his New Orleans victory, was by far the most popular man in the country, Peter Cartwright was invited to preach in the Methodist church. The house was crowded to suffocation to hear the backwoods minister. He had given out his text, and was about to begin his sermon, when who should come in and take his stand in the middle aisle but the hero of New Orleans himself. A dandy preacher in the pulpit, who had before warned Cartwright "to behave himself," pulled his coat tail and whispered:

"General Jackson has come in—General Jackson has come in!"

Cartwright, very indignant, speaking loud enough for all to hear him, replied:

"Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro."

At this the whole congregation, including Jackson, burst into laughter, to the city preacher's sore discomfiture. As soon as church was out, the young man assured Cartwright that the General would "chastise him for his insolence."

"Very clear of it," said Cartwright; "for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, 'There is two as can play at that game.'"

And, sure enough, General Jackson came up to him the next day in the street, praised his conduct warmly, told him he was a man after his own heart, and said that if he only had a few thousand such fearless, independent officers he could take old England.

This valiant hero continued to preach almost to the close of his long life. For 33 years of his public career, while he was in the prime of his strength, he averaged four sermons a week; and taking the whole of his 69 years of preaching together, he preached about 15,000 times. For many years of his early life his annual salary averaged under 50 dollars; yet he married young, and reared a family of eight children, several of whom are still living.

# Eccentricities of Authors.

Dr. Darwin, the grandfather of the great living naturalist, was a strange compound of science and eccentricity. He wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil as he travelled. His equipage was as odd as his habits. He rode in an old "sulky," with a skylight at top, and an awning which could be drawn over it in case of need. The front of the carriage contained a box for the writing-paper and pencils, a knife and fork, and spoon. On one side was a huge pile of books. On the other, a hamper of fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, which divided the attention of the burly old doctor with the stack of literature. Burns usually composed while walking in the open air. Until he was completely master of a tune, he could never write words for it. When he felt "his muse beginning to jade," he retired to the fireside of his study, and there committed his thoughts to paper. Sometimes he composed "by the leeside of a bowl of punch which had upset every mortal in the company except the hautbois and the muse." Shelley was once found in a pine forest writing verses on a guitar, the paper presenting a frightful scrawl, "all smear, and smudge, and disorder." "When my brain gets heated with thought," said he, "it soon boils, and throws off words and images faster than I can skim them off. In the morning when cooled down out of that rude sketch, I shall attempt a drawing." Christopher North describes himself as writing "by screeds," the coming on about ten in the morning, which he would encourage by a mere "nut-shell of mountain dew" ("which my dear friend the English opium-eater would toss off in laudanum"). As soon as he felt there was no danger of a relapse that this demon would be with him the whole day he ordered dinner at nine, shut himself up within triple doors, and set manfully to work. "No desk! an inclined plane—except in bed—is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat." Washington Irving wrote most of the "Stout Gentleman" while mounted on a stile, or seated on a stone, in his excursions with Leslie, the painter, round about Stratford-upon-Avon, the latter taking sketches in the meantime. The artist says his companion wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript aloud. Douglas Jerrold worked at a desk without a speck upon it, using an inkstand in a marble shell clear of all litter, his little dog at his feet. Dr. Channing had the habit of taking a turn in the garden, during which he was a study for the calm concentration of his look, and the deliberateness of his step. Charlotte Brontë had to choose her favourable days for writing. Weeks or even months would sometimes elapse before she could add anything to the story which she had commenced. She wrote on little scraps of paper in a minute hand, holding each against a little piece of thin board for a desk, on account of her short-sightedness. Many of the more spirited description in "Marmion" were struck on while Scott was out with his cavalry. In the intervals of drilling, he delighted to walk his black steed up and down by himself, upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surf, and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. Coleridge liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copsewood. Wordsworth preferred to weave his verses while pacing up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the flow of his rhymes was not exposed to any casual interruption.

## The Betrothal.

I cannot tell you of my joy that morn,
When we together walked between the corn,
And sunniest beams
Were chasing, with soft silver-sandalled feet,
The gliding shadows on the golden wheat;
Fair day of dreams!—
Pure dreams prophetical, that all came true,
And gave me love in life and life in you.
That memorable morn began the charm:
The gossips had our story at the farm
Ere they were told;
The pigeons seemed to know we should be wed,
And cooed a sweet approval on the shed;
And Isaac, old
And white with peaceful years, took me aside,
To ask if I had won you as my bride.
I read a fairy book that afternoon,
And through the window came the breath of June,
To kiss your face,
And honeysuckle nesting in your hair;
Your father was asleep in his big chair
By the door place:
Dear time of summer dusk and blossom scent,
Of garden walks in glad bewilderment.
I cannot tell you of my joy that night,
But I remember that the stars were bright;
And lilacs swung
To cooling wind with gentle rise and fall,
In moonlit clusters by the orchard wall,
Where roses hung;
And I remember with new lease of life
I had a precious gift, and called it—wife!"

—*Guy Roslyn.*

## Summer.

The summer! the summer! the exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush, and the nightingale's chime;
The chant of the lark, and the boom of the bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and glee!
It is here—it is here! it is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of the glen;
It is touching the mountain and tingeing the hill,
And dimpling the face of the low-laughing rill;
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with bloom!
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the broom!
I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye;
I have scented the breath of the fresh open'd flowers,
I have plucked a rich garland from bright hawthorn bowers;
My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the steeps;
I have startled the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he basked in the glade:
And my spirit is blithe—as a rivulet clear,
For the summer, the golden-crown'd summer, is here!

—*John Houseman.*

## Literary Rambler.

◆

IRISH LIFE LAST CENTURY.

Eccentricity was not only the spirit, it became the business, of men's lives. To supply Dublin with fresh laughter seemed just as needful as fresh food. Thus the most absurd wagers were laid and the wildest adventures were undertaken. There was Buck Whalley's famous bet, to walk to Jerusalem and back, and play a game of racquet against its walls; and there were all the extraordinary exploits of that human firework, Beauchamp Bagenal, the man who fought a royal duke, who courted an infanta, who intoxicated a Doge of Venice, and carried off a nun from an Italian convent. Dublin was not only the most festive and recklessly-expensive city of the day, it was pre-eminently the most hilarious. At the same time, it will be supposed that it was tolerably combustible, and under the friendliest impinging of its warm ingredients had occasional explosions. Dueling was one of its necessities, though it is only proper to remark that an affair of honour in those days was in so few instances fatal, was always conducted with such fairness, and, moreover, was so often ludicrous, either in its origin or ending, that it must be regarded rather in the light of an extravagance than a brutality.

The professed "fire-eaters," as they were termed, the old notorious "hilt-and-muzzle boys," the Crow Ryans, Reddy Longs, Amby Bodkins, and their fellows, who loved gunpowder so much that their rule in all ambiguous cases was to fire first and explain afterward, were not so numerous in Dublin. Neither toward the close of the century was fighting there acknowledged as a portion of polite usage. It was not a ground of admission to society, as it had been in previous years, when a young man could not expect to go to a dinner-party or a ball but the question was sure to be asked, "Have you been out yet? have you blazed, sir?" Certainly, in a particular direction the practice was thought to have its advantages—it cancelled debts between gentlemen, and put a stop to lawsuits. The "trigger process," as it was called, always set aside the legal. Irish convivial habits, however, retained all their old excess. Though the bacchanalian standard had been reduced from five bottles to three (the rule was two bottles of claret and one of old port—"to assist"), there was still the unhappy shrub-drinking which prevailed throughout the day, and the potent and insidious whisky that invariably came at night, and which, under the plea of correcting acids, carried gout into the legs of every third man in the community.—*Life of Samuel Lover.*

THE RUSSIAN BEAR'S HEARTY HUG.

Mr. J. A. MacGahan, in his "Campaigning on the Oxus," gives an amusing description of a dinner with an old Uzbeg, and of another with the regiment of the Grand Duke Nicolas. On such occasions Russian soldiers have fashions of their own, as the following passage will show:

"By this time, under the influence of supper and the libations which so frequently accompanied it, we had all become pretty jolly. Suddenly, to my astonishment, the cry of 'Viliki Kniaz!' 'Viliki Kniaz!' was raised, and a moment afterwards I saw the Grand Duke seized by his own soldiers in the most unceremonious manner. For a moment he disappears among the surging crowd of men; the next minute I see him in a horizontal position, ten feet up in the air. He goes down and goes up again, and again up and again down, twenty times at least, being caught each time he descends in the outspread arms of the soldiers, who are laughing wildly all the while. At last, when he must have lost all consciousness of time and place, he is carried almost senseless to his seat at the head of the table. Then there is more dancing, more singing, more drinking; and another officer is seized and undergoes the same unceremonious treatment. I was somewhat bewildered by all this at first, and began to think that the soldiers, carried away by the excitement of the scene and the vodka they had been drinking, were passing all bounds in treating their officers in so off-hand a way. Just imagine the Prince of Wales tossed ten feet in the air by the privates of the 'Black Watch!' I soon learned that this tossing was a mark of particular affection, and that no officer not liked by the soldiers was ever favoured with it. While I am mentally rejoicing that I do not live in the affections of the soldiers, I hear a cry of 'Americanetz! Americanetz!' and before I know where I am, I feel a number of rough hands seize me by the arms, legs, and head. The Chinese lanterns, trees, soldiers, and sky suddenly change places and dance before my eyes in wild and inextricable confusion, and the next instant I enjoy a view of the whole scene from an elevated position of ten feet, and looked down on a sea of upturned faces and out-stretched arms. Into these I sink, until I almost touch the ground, and then again I mount to the stars. So, up and down, up and down, till my brain whirls, and my senses become dazed, and everything around is mixed into one confused and blurred picture. At length, after what appears to me an age, I find myself lying on the carpet, among the remnants of the feast, almost senseless and wholly breathless. 'The hug of the Russian bear is rough, but it is hearty,'" said the Grand Duke, shaking me by the hand and confirming the initiation I had just received at the hands of his men.

INSANITY RARE AMONG SAVAGES.

"If we may rely on the observations of travellers," says the *Journal of Mental Science*, "there has always been comparatively little insanity among savages." Admitting this to be the case, it is not difficult to guess at the reasons of their comparative immunity. In civilised society there are three principal causes to which we may trace nearly every mental disorder, viz., hereditary predisposition, intemperance, and mental anxieties. Now, savages are almost exempt from the operation of these three causes. They do not poison their brain with alcohol until the white man introduces it to them. The weak in mind and body are not carefully attended to and kept alive as among civilised people; if they are not actually destroyed, by natural or artificial means they are got rid of, so that they do not themselves swell the numbers of insane in their own generation, nor increase them in the next generation by propagating their kind. Again, savages do not intermarry in the same family; among them the prohibition of marriage extends often to distant relatives, persons having the most distant blood affinity being forbidden to marry. It can scarcely be doubted that the reason of such prohibition was their experience of the evils resulting from the intermarriage of relatives—an experience which, distinct as is the lesson which it teaches, has not yet availed to check the intermarriages of first cousins among civilised people.

Lastly, the savage has few and simple wants springing from his appetites, and these he gratifies. With him there is no eager straining beyond his strength after social aims that are not intrinsically worth the efforts they cost, no disappointed ambition from failure to compass such aims, no dejection from the reaction which follows the realisation of an overrated ambitious passion, no anxious sense of responsibility; he has no life-long hypocrisies to keep up, no tormenting remorse of conscience, no painful reflections of an exaggerated self-consciousness; in short, none of the passions that constitute the chief wear and tear of civilised life.—*Galaxy.*

## Flower and Kitchen Garden.

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KITCHEN GARDEN.

As fast as early crops come off, clear the ground and dig it over; it is a folly to wait for the last handful of peas or beans. As soon as the rows cease to be profitable, destroy them, and clear the ground. Dig deep as opportunities occur; plant out Brussels sprouts, green collards, kale, Savoys, cabbages, broccoli, &c. If the plants are crowded in the seed-bed, it is best to get them out at once. Have all ready, and in the evening put out as many rows as possible, and give a litle water to every plant. Next morning lay a few boughs or mats over them to shade off the sun, and the next evening get out more, till the planting is finished. This is better than waiting for rain, which may be so heavy as to render the ground unfit to be trodden on, and, if succeeded immediately by heat, the plants will flag as much as if put out in dry weather, whereas, being already in the ground, the smallest shower benefits them. Seed beds for autumn spinach should now be made up and well manured, and the seed got in without delay. In gathering French and runner beans, take all or none. If seed is desired, leave a row untouched. Never take green pods and seeds from the same plants. Take up onions, shallots, and garlic as they ripen, and store for winter. Give asparagus beds plenty of liquid manure, and use the grass-mowings from the lawn as mulchings to prevent the soil from cracking. Earth up celery for early use, but the rows that are not forward must be kept open and well watered, as the plants grow very slowly after being earthed up, the object of the earthing being to blanch it only. Also plant out the main crop of celery as soon as the ground can be got ready. Hoe between all growing crops. Sow the last succession of French beans; also lettuce, endive, Walcheren cauliflower, radish, small salads, spinach, peas, and turnips.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Dahlias must be humoured as to disbudding and tying, because every variety has its own peculiar style of growth. Disbud freely all soft-eyed varieties, but hard-eyed kinds allow to open all the blooms they make till they come good.

Evergreens and shrubs of the free-growing kinds may be propagated from this time to the end of August; cuttings put in a shady place will root immediately. Prepare now to plant evergreens, which move well from the end of July to the end of September. In new ground this is the best season to plant them, but in established gardens the places intended for them are generally occupied with summer flowers.

Hedges of all kinds, except holly, should now be clipped in. Hedges of large-leaved trees, such as laurel, ancuba, &c., ought to be cut back with a knife, as the shears will spoil their appearance for the whole season.

Pinks to be propagated from pipings, layers, or cuttings. The last is the simplest, most certain, and therefore the best method.

Rhododendrons and other hardy Americans may be layered now. Beds of Americans much exposed to the sun will be benefited by being mulched with moss or well-decayed cow manure.

Cuttings of all kinds may now be struck out of doors; antirrhinums, phloxes, pentstemons, alyssums, dielytras, &c., and cuttings of laurels, aucubas, and other shrubs must be struck in the shade; but geranium cuttings should be struck in the full sun, and the sooner they are got in the better plants will they make to stand the winter. Another lot of annuals may be sown at once, to keep up the gaiety of the borders. Bud roses during cool moist weather.

GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

Conservatory to have plenty of air night and day, and abundance of water for all growing plants, overhead as well as at the roots. Neglect of watering now will hereafter show sad results, especially among soft-wooded and liliaceous plants.

Azaleas to be prepared for ripening their wood by giving more air. Put out the earliest in a shady place.

Treat camellias the same as azaleas, and shift any that require it. Their roots may be refreshed without giving larger pots by turning out the ball, removing some of the stuff from it, and making it up again with fresh compost. Pot firm.

Cinerarias to be propagated from suckers; put in round the sides of the pots in very sandy compost, and keep close for a week. Sow for seedling plants.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

## The Ladies' Own Corner.

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The following extracts are from the *Queen*:

THE NEWEST SILKS.

The newest silks are half checks and half tartans of two colours, that is to say, white and another colour, generally dark, and of a large block. I remarked a certain number of these novelties the day the Grand Prix was run for, worn by recognised *élégantes.* Marine blue and white, brown and white, violet and white, were decidedly the most pleasing mixtures. Some attempts were made with orange and white, but the result was eccentric; the wearers, it is true, were seated in very elegant equipages, and certainly anything out of the common passes better when the surroundings indicate luxury. The success of these somewhat conspicuous patterns depends on the manner in which the squares are arranged, whether on the cross or straight. The seams in the back, for example, are so managed that the large squares form on the cross, thus precluding the large check appearing, which is always unfavourable to the figure.

The checks on the front of the skirt are managed in the same way. Quilles cut on the cross of this plaid silk ornament the sides of plain silk skirts, and alternate stripes of it and English embroidery are used in the following manner: A half-mourning dress of steel-grey faille. The train skirt is covered with three flounces of black and white checked silk; each space between the flounces is filled in with a row of insertion of English embroidery. At the sides there are quilles, each about 12 inches wide, of black and white silk, also cut on the cross, and edged with English embroidery. The front of the skirt is grey and flat, and the cuirass bodice is grey also, with black and white revers, showing a waistcoat entirely of English embroidery, and falling very low in front.

TEA STALLS AT BAZAARS.

As everything at a bazaar should attract the eye, the tea stall should be prettily laid out with tempting fruits and cakes, and decorated with flowers and plants in pots. The tea and coffee should be prepared in large pic-nic tea-urns and coffee-pots, and poured into smaller ones for use on the table; new bread and butter, biscuits, and syllabub may be added. Nothing should be sold under sixpence—that is, for a cup of tea or coffee and slice of bread and butter. If the stall-keeper would not object, a dress a little different from that worn in everyday life would prove attractive, with a jaunty hat.

LONDON WEDDINGS.

There can be no doubt that a wedding in a country church is often a far prettier sight than one in the metropolis; still the convenience of the latter is so infinitely greater, that it is becoming yearly more the custom to adjourn to London for the important ceremony. It is so much easier for all the relatives on both sides to be present, and yet the parents, who are naturally overcome at the parting from a cherished daughter, are not compelled to exert themselves to entertain them for the rest of the day. The etiquette of a wedding differs somewhat in London from that observed in the country; and it is with the former that we are now concerned. The invitations are generally sent out about ten days before, and run as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. F—— request the pleasure of Sir Charles and Lady C——'s company at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Wednesday, June 17, at 11.30, and afterwards at the breakfast at 100, Grosvenor-square, at one o'clock." To this an answer should, of course, be returned. On the day before the wedding a few of the nearest relatives assemble at the bride's residence, to be present at the signing of the marriage settlements. Usually there is a large family dinner party in the evening. On the wedding morning the bridegroom sends the bride the wedding bouquet; he also sends a bouquet and whatever present he may have selected—usually a locket—to each of the bridesmaids. These young ladies are bound to be at the church in good time, and await the bride at the door. Her father also awaits her there. Meanwhile, the bridegroom has of course arrived, accompanied by his "best man," and taken up his position in the chancel. Occasionally in the country there are "groomsmen"—that is to say, a young man for each bridesmaid; but this practice is unheard of in good society. The church having filled with the invited guests, the bride arrives with her mother (for whom some gentleman, either her son or some great friend, should be in waiting), and at once proceeds to the altar on her father's arm, and followed by her brides maids two and two, care being taken to match them as to height as nearly as may be. Arrived in the chancel, they should spread out in a semi-circle behind the bride, the chief bridesmaid (who is either the bride's eldest sister, if she have one, or the bridegroom's) taking charge of the gloves, handkerchief, and bouquet. At the conclusion of the ceremony the newly-married couple, with their parents and immediate relatives, adjourn to the vestry to sign the register and receive the congratulations of their nearest connections. This done, they emerge into the church and depart first, the bridesmaids following to the church door. The bride's father escorts the bridegroom's mother, and his father the mother of the bride. Very frequently the guests do not go at once to the house, but arrive there shortly before the hour named for the breakfast, and spend the interval until it is announced in examining the wedding presents, which are tastefully laid out on tables in the drawing-room, with the names of the donors on a card beside each.

FISH COOKERY.

As many fishmongers now cut turbot and sell it in pieces of 1lb. or 2lb. in weight, admirers of this fine fish may enjoy it in the form of fillets. These should be cut very neatly with a sharp knife, and put in a baking dish lined with butter, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and lemon juice, or laid in a sauté pan with similar accompaniments. Cooked in an oven or over the fire, these fillets may be served up with various sauces, such as *Italienne, Hollandaise, maître d'hôtel, ravigote, piquante, bigarade,* or curry, and are becoming very much in fashion with those to whom a large fish presents few attractions.

Cold turbot is—as Mrs. Toodles says in the farce—"a capital thing to have in the house." To begin with, it may be eaten cold with plain salad dressing known as *sauce poivrade*, or, by those who prefer them, with *sauce remoulade* or *sauce ravigote.* Dished up with a little lettuce, covered with a rich *mayonnaise,* and garnished with truffles, finely minced, or chopped olives, and *filets d'anchois,* cold turbot makes as nice a salad as could be desired by the most fastidious. In addition to this excellent quality, turbot possesses the faculty of being cooked over again without sensible deterioration. In preparing turbot *au gratin* the rules already laid down for codfish will suffice. The fish only requires to be picked clean from the bones, saturated with *béchamel* sauce, and made thoroughly hot in an oven. The surface may then be powdered with Parmesan cheese, covered with a little good cream, and browned with a salamander. These remains of turbot warmed up, either *au gratin* or simply shaken up with *béchamel maître d'hotel,* or oyster sauce, always form a delicate and tasteful dish.

Brill, although inferior in plumpness and in the beautiful texture and abundance of skin and fins to the turbot, is nevertheless a very delicate dish, and worthy of the care often bestowed upon it. It is very good when boiled and served with shrimp sauce, and may also be cut into fillets and stewed or fried. It is also nice when dressed as follows: Cleanse the brill and cut its back down to the central bone. Butter the bottom of a baking dish, and sprinkle this with finely chopped shallots and mushrooms, a very little onion, and some parsley similarly treated. Moisten these herbs with a mixture of Madeira or brown sherry, and some good brown gravy. Lay the brill on his back on the couch of herbs, sprinkle a little more minced mushroom and shallot over him, and pour over some rich melted butter. Put the dish on the fire till it shows signs of boiling, and then into a moderate oven till done.

A somewhat similar dish is brill *au vin blanc.* The fish is put into a pan simply buttered and moistened with a bottle of light white wine, and cooked as above, when the sauce is thickened with a *liaison* of yolk of egg, beaten up with cream and poured over the fish.

## Nick-Nacks.

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IT may be new to some that there are sects known by the following curious appellations: Sweet Singers, Marrow men, Jerkers and Barkers, Knipperdollings, Hardshell Baptists, The New Born, Tunkers, Dunkers or Tumblers, Coglers, Christian Israelites, and Muggletonians.

AMONG the distinguished officers who occupied head-quarters with Washington at one time was Major-General Lord Stirling, Marquis de la Fayette, Baron Steuben, and Generals Knox, Greene, and Hamilton. Stirling was supposed to be somewhat ambitious of his title. A laughing incident was told of his having been present at the execution of a soldier for desertion. The poor criminal cried out: "Lord, have mercy on me!" Stirling exclaimed, with warmth, "I won't, you rascal! I won't have mercy on you."

ONE cold day when the east wind, which thereabout was known very appropriately as "the razor," was blowing in keenly from the sea, Geordie Methven had to make a journey across the moors to bring sheep down from the hills into the home fields. With his jacket buttoned close up to his neck, his bonnet pulled over his brows, and his head bent against "the razor," he trudged along the bleak road. A solitary crow sat on a dilapidated fence, uttering at intervals a melancholy "Caw, caw." Geordie looked at the bird, and whilst the wind was biting through his jacket, and some thoughts of his own miserable position were passing through his mind, he muttered: "Caw, caw, you idiot! What for did the Lord gi'e you wings, if it wasna to flee away from a country like this?"—*C. Gibbon.*

"MASTER" or "Skipper" Dan, as he was called, on account of a share he had in a small whaling vessel, was supposed to be endowed with a special gift for forecasting the weather. At early morning his movements were eagerly observed. If when he looked out he thrust his hands into his pockets, as if satisfied with the appearance of affairs, there was a general race for the boats and a struggle who should be out first. But if Dan raised his hand to his brow, as if to concentrate his vision upon some object far out at sea, every man turned into his cot again with the growl, "There will be nae fish the-day."

THE first intimation of the appearance of a train in a remote district of Scotland was given by Willie Stark—a man in years, but a child in mind. He had been at Kingshaven one winter evening, and on his way home saw a train. He burst into his mother's cottage, crying in much wonder: "Eh, mither, mither! what do you think I saw but the smiddy running awa with a row of houses!" Another report was made by David Finnie, an old man, who, expressly to see this new monster, called a train, walked over to the hill through which a tunnel had been made. He took his stand on the height and observed the animal approaching. "But I didna think muckle o' her," he said contemptuously; "she came on panting and panting, and tried hard to get up the hill, but as soon as she saw me!—she just gi'd a great scraich, and ran into a hole."

THE following acrostic on Napoleon Bonaparte was composed by a professor at Dijon as soon as the entrance of the Allies into that town had enabled its loyal population to declare in favour of its legitimate sovereign:

N ihil fuit;
A ugustus evenit;
P opulos reduxit;
O rbem disturbavit;
L ibertatem oppressit;
E cclesiam distraxit;
O mnia esse voluit;
N ihil erit.

It would be difficult to give a more concise and more faithful history of Napoleon's whole career. Subjoined is a translation of this acrostic; it is quite impossible, in a translation, to preserve the order of letters which distinguishes that kind of composition:

He was nothing;
He became Emperor;
He conquered nations;
He disturbed the world;
He oppressed liberty;
He distracted the church;
He wished to be everything;
He shall be nothing.

THE famous Lord Chesterfield had a relation, a Mr. Stanhope, who was exceedingly proud of his pedigree, which he pretended to trace to a ridiculous antiquity. Lord Chesterfield was one day walking through an obscure street in London, where he saw a miserable daub of Adam and Eve in Paradise. He purchased this painting, and having written on the top of it "Adam de Stanhope, of Eden, and Eve, his wife," he sent it to his relation as a valuable old family picture.

A DROLL epitaph:

"Here lies poor Susan Gray;
She would if she could, but she could not stay.
She had two bad legs and a very bad cough,
But it was the two bad legs that carried her off."

AN ECCENTRIC CLERGYMAN. — The Rev. Timothy Priestly, who died in June, 1814, was a brother of the celebrated Dr. Priestly, and formerly minister of the dissenting chapel in Cannon street, Manchester, from the pulpit of which he uttered many eccentricities, which have been attributed erroneously to other preachers. Observing one of his congregation asleep, he called to him (stopping his discourse for the purpose), "Awake, I say, George Ramsay, or I'll mention your name." He had an unconquerable aversion to candles which exhibited long burning wicks; and often, in the midst of the most interesting discourses, on the winter evenings, he would call out to the man appointed for that purpose, "Tommy, Tommy, top those candles!" He was a man of great humour, which he even carried into the pulpit. He was the preacher, though others have borne the credit or odium of the circumstance, who pulled out of his pocket half-a-crown, and laid it down upon the pulpit cushion, offering to bet with St. Paul, that the passage where he says, "he could do all things," was not true; but, reading on, "by faith," put up his money, and said, "Nay, nay, Paul, if that's the case, I'll not bet with thee."

THEOPHILUS CIBBER (the comedian) was applied to for aid, when very young and wild, by an actress named Willis, who had grown old and poor. Cibber's finances were very low, and he excused himself, observing that he had a large family. "O, dear sir," said the petitioner, "how can that be; you have neither wife nor child." "It may be so," said Cibber; "but I have a large family of *vices,* madam."

THE nurse presenting two little strangers (twins) to a father for the first time, "Is it," said he blushing, "to make a choice, madam?"

THEODORE HOOK was at a musical party at which a certain young lady attempted to sing a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated feeling and a great many blunders. "Don't you adore her singing?" asked a gushing old lady who sat next to Hook; "it's so full of soul." "Well, madam, for my part," answered the wit, "I think there seems to be more of the flounder than the sole about it."

A RECENT ghost was heard singing:

'Twas a cough that carried me off:
'Twas a coffin they carried me off in.

ONE of the irrepressible bores who profess to know every literary man in London met a well-known writer for the press the other day and claimed acquaintanceship. "We supped together one night last Christmas," said he, "if you remember there was a stuffed turkey." "I remember the turkey very well, but I cannot say that I remember you," was the cutting reply.

IT was of great importance for the party for whom O'Connell was once engaged to prove that a witness was drunk and incapable on a certain day, and thus he made his approaches: "Well, Darby, you told the whole truth to that gentleman," pointing to the counsel who had just given him up. "Yes, your Honour, Counsellor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?" "Ach, sure everybody knows our own *pathriat.*" "Well, you are a good-humoured, honest fellow, Darby. Now tell me, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why, your honour, I took my share of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it? Now, between ourselves, wasn't your share of it all but the pewter?" "Why then, dear knows but that's true for you, sir," and poor Darby recognised, in the burst of laughter that arose, that he had committed himself and his friends.

ONE of the readiest replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish labourer. A gentleman travelling on horseback "down East" came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, yer Honour, wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out av it?"

THE theory of the moon's superiority to the sun was defended in an eighteenth century song, which was metrically adapted to the fine old air of *Langolee:*

"Long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,
Which serves us for lamp-light each night in the dark,
The sun appears only by day, which by nature,
Has light of its own, as you all may remark,
Attend to my ditty, for I will be bound, sir,
That it would save the nation a great many pounds, sir,
To subscribe for good moonlight the live long year round, sir:
'Tis as true as I'm now singing *Langolee.*"

"I DON'T know, sir, cook always brings home the text," was the reply of a small buttons to a careful master who endeavoured to ascertain by inquiring the subject of the morning's sermon, whether his young servant had been to church or not.

THERE is an old monument in the churchyard of Hoddam, Dumfriesshire, which formerly bore the following inscription:

Here lyes a man, who all his mortal life
Past mending clocks, but could not mend hys wyfe.
The 'larum of his bell was ne'er sae shrill
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
But now he's gane—oh! whither? nane can tell—
I hope beyond the sound o' Mally's bell.

A WRITER in the *Temps* tells the following story relating to the late Jules Janin. About eight or ten years ago, a friend of his, well-known in the literary world, found fault with him on account of the indiscriminate praise he seemed disposed to lavish in all directions. "Your teeth were sharp enough at one time," said he; "how comes it that you are so completely disarmed?" "Upon my word," replied Janin with a beaming smile, "you may be right; but at the point I have reached, I think of nothing but of securing for myself a well-attended funeral!"

THE

# Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

*(Continued from Page 5.)*

but through the long thin fingers great hot tears were trickling.

With a convulsive sob she bent down close to the sick man's ear.

"Dear Uncle Philip," she gently whispered, "I will never mention his name again."

He turned away, half petulantly, with an impatient moan.

"Draw up the blinds," he muttered, "and let me see the light of the sun once again."

She did as he desired, and then a broad ray of sunlight streamed over the white coverlet.

"That is well," he presently murmured; "and now ascertain if the letters have arrived."

Without a word she obeyed. Meanwhile the autumn sun light continued streaming in, rendering the surroundings of the room almost ghastly—showing, with cruel distinctness, the sunken cheeks and burning eyes of the invalid, and lighting up with exquisite beauty the golden hair of Mina as she quitted the room.

Noiselessly she tripped down the stairs, and with almost a bound sprang on to the lawn.

"Thank heaven," she exclaimed fervently, taking in large breaths of the fragrant morning air. "I feel as if that room would stifle me."

And then she paced thoughtfully over the green sward towards the flower-beds.

"Reginald," she murmured, in soft soliloquy, "why do you tarry? Come to me, dear one, come."

Here a bright glow lit up her lovely face, and with a smile, and then a gentle sigh of remembrance, she stooped over the flower-bed, and plucked some gay blossoms.

These she formed into a bouquet with marvellous taste; and then stood in deep thought for a few moments ere she returned again to the house.

"My Reginald," she said, in a deep, low voice, "my very own, I wish Uncle Philip knew. And yet it is a small thing for me to do for *his* sake; and so the secret must be kept."

She shook her head rather gravely as though in blame; and for a moment a shadow passed over her pretty countenance.

But it was only for a moment. A voice fell upon her ear, and disturbed further meditation.

"The post-bag is in, Miss Mina," called out a man-servant, "and Mr. Ashleigh is enquiring for you."

"Oh, thank you, John," she answered hurriedly, "I will go to him at once."

With quickening steps she hastened to the house; then with her bright flowers in one hand, and the post-bag in the other, Mina glided once more into her uncle's sick chamber.

"Is that you, Mina?" he faintly asked.

"Yes, dear uncle."

"And has the post arrived at last?"

"Yes, uncle," returned the girl.

"Then bring it me quick, and I will unlock it. But stay," he added, "unlock it yourself. I am too weak—too weak," he moaned.

Quickly she dropped the blossoms on the counterpane, where they lay in their dewy brightness as if in mockery, in very contrast to the eager restlessness of the sufferer.

One by one Mina drew the missives forth, and placed them in his hands.

"From Reginald," he said hoarsely, as he clutched one eagerly; and at the words Mina's heart seemed to stand still.

He tore it open and essayed to read it, but without avail.

"I am growing blind," he wailed. "Mina, where are you?"

"Here, uncle; here by your side," she answered.

"Read Reginald's letter quick. When does he come?"

"To-night," she replied; "to-night, dear uncle. Already he is on his way, and bids heaven keep you safe till he sees you once again."

"Good lad—good lad," said the father flushing. I can rest now. Go, leave me, Mina; you, too, must needs repose. "To-night," he repeated; "he comes to-night."

Mina re-echoed his words in heartfelt tears of joy.

"Take away the bag," he resumed feebly; "I want to hear no more news to-day."

"There is one other letter, uncle," said Mina hesitatingly; "only one other, but——, but——"

"Well, well, what of it; is it from the lawyer's?" he asked with a grave smile. "You know their writing."

Mina shook her head, and seemed anxiously pondering as to how she should proceed.

"No, indeed, dear uncle," she presently said; I am afraid to say who it is from. I promised I would never mention his name again."

"It is from Philip, then," gasped the father; "that scoundrel!"

"My dear uncle," remonstrated his niece earnestly; "you must not thus excite yourself. What will Doctor Jay say to me for allowing you to be so excited?"

"Give me that boy's letter," he said calmly.

Silently she handed it to him.

"You see," he continued, "how I hold communication with such as he. Bear witness to Reginald how I condoned that worthless fellow's crimes."

He took the note in his trembling hands, and looked at the superscription.

It was written in the old school-boy hand; the envelope was common and dirty; but it was the writing of the lad he had once worshipped, hard and cold as he was to all the world.

Something like a sob rose in his throat, as with a convulsive jerk he tore it across and across, and dropped it upon the floor.

Mina half stepped forward dismayed at the scene, and as she did so, a low feeble voice pronounced her name.

With a shudder thrilling through her veins, she raised her eyes, and her uncle beckoned her to his side.

"Say a prayer," he whispered, and there was something like an ominous rattle in the throat. "Quick, hold me in your arms."

She clasped his head on her shoulder, and looked in awful afright at the drawn features.

The lips were froth-covered, and a blue shade had crept over the dim eyes.

He sighed with a long-drawn respiration, and fell back a dead weight upon the young girl.

It was a terrible, awful moment for that fair and lonely maiden; and she burst into heavy sobs, for she felt that as her lover—this old man's son—was hastening home, praying to see his father once again, he himself had passed through the dark and dreadful gates of death.

* * * * * *

Twilight fell on that most wretched day. In all the years that had passed over Ashleigh Grange, no such day had dawned as this, heralded as it was by glorious sunlight without, and mourning and wretchedness within.

Mina reproached herself bitterly; and when the medical man arrived, her heart was full of regretful anguish.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "if I had not excited him—if he had been kept quiet—he might have lived one more day, and now—now."

She broke down here, and the kindly medico comforted her.

"Miss Leighton," he said gently, "it is a miracle he has lasted even so long as he has. You must not reproach yourself; nothing could have saved him. But if you grieve thus, I will not answer for your own health, and remember how much rests with you now. Mr. Reginald will need a comforter. You will have to work, not weep; so pray bestow a thought on yourself now that the dead cannot be re-called.

At this she crept away humbly, and tried hard to be brave for the sake of her lover; and. oh! how fervently she prayed for his speedy arrival.

He came at last, when Mina's eyes were dim with watching, and her ears dull from listening to every sound.

The moon had just risen, red and full, in the blue sky, as the silence was broken by the furious rush and trample of horses, and up the avenue a carriage became visible.

The horses stopped with a crash on the gravel. They were covered with foam, and snorted as if the driver had kept them to their utmost speed.

Mina ran down the hall steps, and took the hand of the new-comer.

"Please come in, Regy, dear," she pleaded, quickly. "Do not wait."

"Am I in time, Mina?" he exclaimed, in a dry, hoarse voice.

For a moment she could not answer his question direct.

"Come in," she repeated, and turned towards the steps.

He followed her, dreading he had really arrived too late as he glanced up at the darkened windows.

Mina, without a word, walked straight to the library door, which stood wide open.

She beckoned him in, and when they stood alone, she gazed up into his face, and was the first to speak.

"Now, Reginald, be brave," she said; "be brave, my dear one."

He saw her dimly in the moonlight; and ever afterwards, when he recalled this scene, he thought of Mina as some visitant from a brighter land.

She was dressed in pure and flowing white muslin, black ribbons streaming from her side, sable wound in her bonny hair, the features as clear as alabaster.

She took both his hands in hers.

"How hot and feverish you are, Reginald," she said in a low, sweet voice. "Sit down, dear, if only for a moment."

She half-forced him into a chair; then knelt to him, still holding him prisoner.

He gazed down upon her with ineffable love, rest and peace gradually stealing over him.

"Tell me, Mina, what is it?" he tenderly asked. "What is the worst? Is he gone? Am I too late?"

"Yes," she replied, "to see him in life; but the last messages, the kindly wishes, the longing for his boy Reginald, these I hold for you, dear. The treasures are in my possession; his last words are mine; he died in my arms. Cry, my dear, it will do you good," she continued, as he turned away his handsome head.

For nearly a minute thus, and then he spoke.

"I will go to him, Mina," he said hoarsely. "Lead the way."

Mina took a lamp in her hand, lit it with a taper, proceeded to the door and beckoned her cousin to follow.

"Miss Leighton," whispered a servant behind his hand.

"What is it?" she whispered in return.

"There is a person in the hall wishes to see you; and Gibbs says it it's—it's——"

"Who, John?" queried Mina, impatiently.

"Mr. Philip, Miss,' replied the servant in a low, discreet voice.

"Great heavens," she gasped in bated tones. "It can't be true; but I will be with you in a moment." Then in a louder voice she said, "Come, Reginald, come."

He obeyed her at once, and followed her with head bowed down in silence.

Arrived at the chamber of death, Mina paused at the door.

"Reginald, this is the room, dear," she murmured, "and I will leave you here."

He looked at her dreamily, not seeming to understand a word.

"Bless you, my pretty," he said.

He bent and kissed her, and Mina felt hot tears on her cheek.

Then she hurriedly left him, and wended her way to the hall.

It was deserted.

Pausing a moment, she passed out upon the lawn, and peered around.

"Mina," said a cautious voice; "here, come round to the laurel walk. I want to talk to you: Philip, you know."

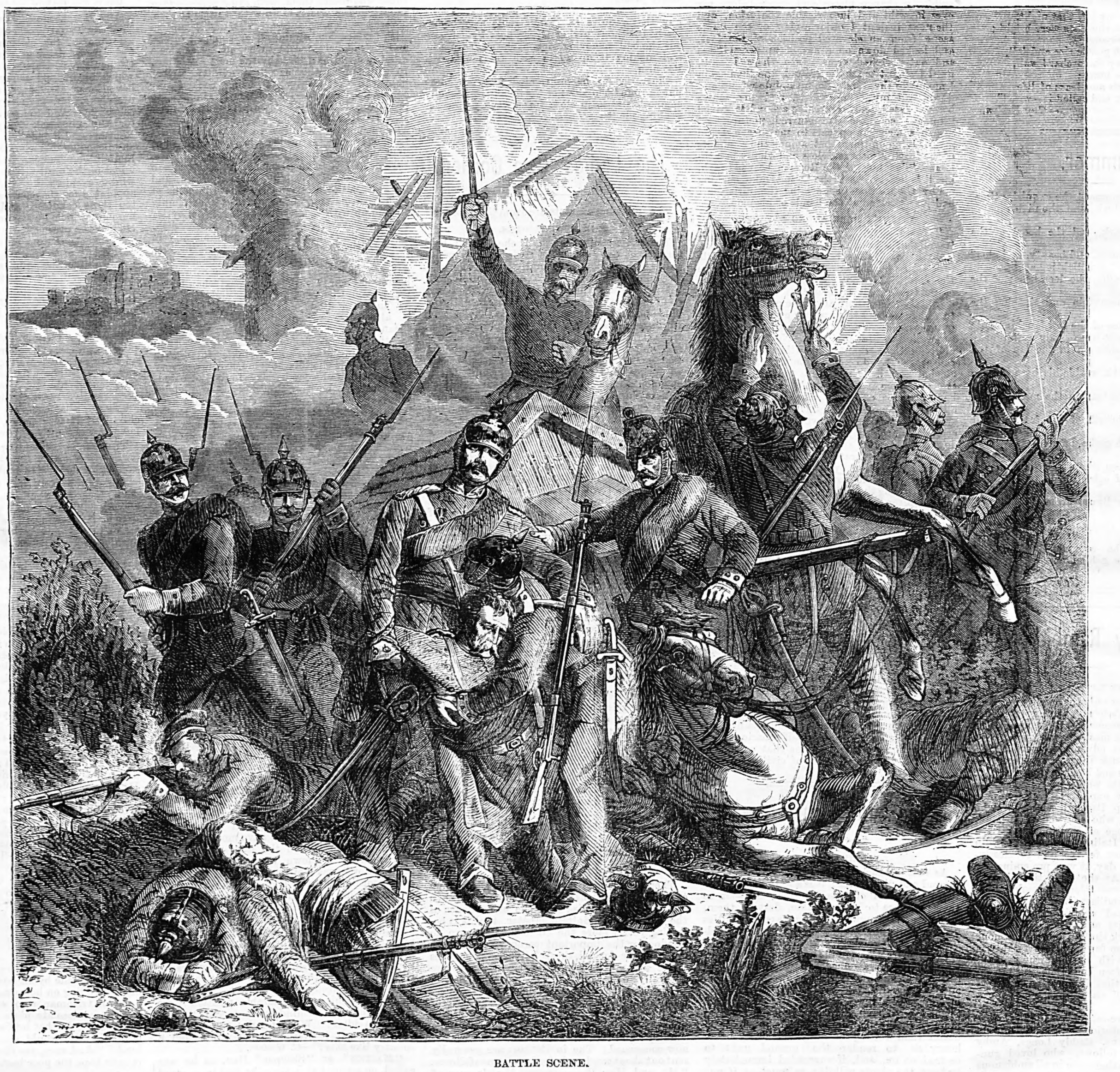
A gaunt, thin man stepped on to the broad path under the window.

Shabby and dust-stained, his hat battered, coat out of elbows, his broken and patched boots showing very distinctly a handsome vagabond, though even now not quite sober, Philip Ashleigh stood out in bold relief under the moonlight.

*(To be continued.)*

# Curious Magnetic Cave.

A remarkable magnetic cave has, according to a correspondent of the *Sutton Creek Independent*, a California newspaper, been discovered near Pine-grove, Amader county, in that country. Mr. Stokes, the gentleman who relates the story, gives the following account of the cave in question: After journeying for a mile and a quarter through the underground passages, Mr. Stokes and his fellow travellers found themselves in a long but rather narrow chamber, the walls of which were "not limestone, but a yellowish brown and black iron ore." Upon entering this chamber, says Mr. Stokes, "we noticed a most peculiar disturbance of the magnet, the needle constantly vibrating from side to side, and frequently whirling round for a minute at a time with a velocity which rendered it invisible. We also experienced a singular sensation—a sort of chill, appearing to commence at the back of the neck, and extending to the very tip of our fingers and toes. As we advanced in this chamber we found these singular sensations increase in intensity until they became almost unbearable." As the travellers proceeded the walls and floor of this chamber became more magnetic; indeed, inconveniently so, for one of the party who carried a hatchet had it wrested from him by a magnetic rock, near which he passed, and the combined strength of four of the party was insufficient to detach it. Nor was this all, for a pocket-knife that accidentally dropped to the floor had to remain there, none of the party having sufficient strength to pick it up. Worse still was in the background. One of the explorers, named Mason, had unfortunately on his feet a pair of miner's boots, the soles of which were studded with nails, he found himself "suddenly affixed to the floor and unable to move." He was immediately pulled out of his boots by his companions. Stokes and his friends "hastily retreated," and with a feeling of intense relief emerged from this too attractive cave into the open air.



BATTLE SCENE.